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VOL. VII.

APRIL TO OCTOBER 1820.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS, No. 4, CORNHILL,
Corner of Water-Street.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED ALSO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:—HENRY WHIPPLE, SALEM; CHARLES WHIPPLE, NEWBURY-PORT; WILLIAM HILLIARD, CAMBRIDGE; J.W. FOSTER, PORTSMOUTH; JOSEPH JOHNSON, PORTLAND; G. A. TRUMBULL, WORCESTER; E. GOODALE, HALLOWELL; T. DICKMAN, SPRINGFIELD; JOHN JOHNSON, PROVIDENCE; JOSIAH C. SHAW, NEWPORT; S. G. GOODRICH, HARTFORD; HOWE & SPALDING, NEW-HAVEN; E. F. BACKUS, ALBANY; WILLIAM WILLIAMS, UTICA; A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK; ABRA. SMALL, PHILADELPHIA; EDWARD J. COALE, BALTIMORE; J. R. SCHENCK, CHARLESTON, S. C.; HENRY COWAN, ESQ. POSTMASTER, QUEBEC; WILLIAM GRAY, (HERALD-OFFICE,) MONTREAL; AND W. T. WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Price $2,50 stitched; or $3 bound.

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The work commenced in April, 1817; and the volumes are dated from April and October each year.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 1.] *BOSTON, APRIL* 1, 1820. [VOL. VII.

INTERESTING TOUR THROUGH THE HOLY LAND, 1819.

From the Monthly Magazine, Feb. 1820.

LETTER *from the* LEVANT; *by a* MODERN TRAVELLER.*

Larnica (Cyprus), April 10, 1819.

MY DEAR I*****,

YOU will be surprised to receive a letter from me at such an immense distance, and out of Europe. If I were to give you an account minutely of this most interesting of all journeys that I have taken, I should fill quires of paper. Let me then run over hastily a short account of the countries through which I have passed.

Last August I left London for Paris. From Paris I sailed down the Rhone for Marseilles. Here I embarked for Egypt: was nearly lost in two gales of wind off Candy and Malta. In six weeks I arrived at Alexandria, where I saw Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the spot on which poor Abercrombie laid down his life, and every object of interest in that celebrated place.

I then crossed the Desert, arrived first at Aboukir Bay, where Nelson fought his great battle; and, after a weary journey across a desert of sand, I got safe to Rosetta. When at Alexandria, I was introduced to the Pasha or King of Egypt, a man of remarkable talent.

At Rosetta I embarked in the Pasha's barge, and sailed up the Nile; and, after two days' sail, I arrived at Grand Cairo, the capital: where the throng in the streets appeared to me greater than that in the streets of London.

I visited the Pyramids, scrambling in and through them; and in the last, opened by Signor Belzoni twelve months ago, are stupendous objects truly.

After remaining here ten days, I sailed down the west branch of the Nile, and arrived at Damietta, where I was detained a fortnight by stormy weather.

I embarked here, and afterwards landed at Jaffa; and as inns, and such like places of accommodation, are totally out of the question, I put up, in the future stages of my journey, at the convents: the one here is said to be built on the spot where the house of Simon the Tanner stood.

I next proceeded to Ramah, in the neighbourhood of which is the tomb of St. George, tutelar saint of England; and thence to Jerusalem, going along the most frightful path I ever encountered, through rocks and precipices.

I remained a fortnight at this most interesting place; saw every thing of a sacred nature pointed out; was on the Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, &c.

I went to Bethlehem, saw the Cave of the Nativity; to the famous Cisterns of Solomon; and, after passing Ramah, I arrived at the Wilderness of St. John the Baptist, and saw his grotto.

* For this letter (says the Editor of the Oxford Herald,) we are indebted to a gentleman of this city, who a short time since received it from an old acquaintance.

The governor of Jerusalem having given me a military escort, I proceeded to Jericho, through a wild solitary country; and at this place the governor gave me an additional strong military escort, with which little army I went to the banks of the Jordan, and the Lake of Death or Dead Sea,—a water eighty-eight miles in length and twenty-five broad, covering Sodom and Gomorrah, and other cities. Every thing around shews the terrible judgment of God: a dead terrific silence. Nothing grows on the plain, though Scripture says it was formerly well watered, and called "the Garden of the Land." The water is salt, the bitumen burns, and smells like brimstone. No boat was ever seen on it. It is indeed an awful place! But you shall hear more at meeting.

I left Jerusalem finally, and took a northerly direction. I came, after some days' journey to Bethel, where Jacob took the stones for his pillar.

Afterwards I got to Samaria, and saw the well where our Saviour had the remarkable conference with the Samaritan woman. On each side of the town, beautifully situated in a valley, stands Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, mentioned in Scripture as the places where Moses commanded benedictions and maledictious to be pronounced.

I next entered the grand Vale of Esdraeton, beyond any thing I have seen, called in Scripture the Galilean plain, probably fifty miles long and twenty-five broad; which from the time of the King of Assyria down to the disastrous journey of Bonaparte from Egypt to Syria, has been the chosen spot for every action respecting the country.

I visited Mount Hermon, at the foot of which stands Nain, a small village, where our Saviour raised the widow's son to life; two miles from which is Endor, where Saul had the interview "with a woman of familiar spirit."

I arrived at Nazareth; where, you know, our Saviour was in subjection to his parents. It is a small village on the brow of a hill, looking down on a valley, and has a population of 2,000. Many objects of interest are shewn there.

I then set out to make the tour of Galilee, more remarkable than any other district of the Holy Land, from the frequent visits of our Saviour.

I first arrived at Cana, "where the modest water saw its God, and blushed;" next to the Mountain of Beatitude, named from the excellent sermon our Lord delivered, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c. Then to the spot called "the Multiplication of Bread," from the miracle which occurred in feeding the multitude with the few loaves and fishes.

Six miles farther on, the Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galliee, opened up. I entered the town, which is walled round, and on the edge of the Lake, and could find no other place than an old church to repose in, built on the spot where the house of Peter stood.

The Lake is fourteen miles long and six broad, in a deep hollow territory. I rode to the end of it, where the Jordan (entering the upper part) leaves it; and, what is odd, though the Jordan passes through the Lake, the waters never mingle. I stripped, bathed, and washed my clothes in the Jordan.

The whole scenery around has something in it religiously solemn and impressive. It was here our Saviour said to Peter "Follow me;" where the miraculous draught of fish took place; where he rebuked the winds and waves: where, in short, he walked on the very water!

After passing two days here, I proceeded; and, after a day's journey, got to Mount Tabor, where the *Transfiguration* took place,—a mountain of great altitude; and no pen can describe the grandeur of the scenery. I was on the very top of this mountain. The day was glorious; and I was feasted with the delicious prospect around. The plain of Esdraeton is under your feet. Mount Carmel, Mount Hermon, Nain, Endor, Mountains of Samaria: the whole of Galilee, Capernaum, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Mount Lebanon, (like Ben Lomond, in Scotland,) majestically in the background. In the whole globe there is not to be seen, as from this Mount, so much holy ground at one time. Never will the scene be forgotten by me.

I returned to Nazareth; and, after remaining some days, went to Acre, and visited Mount Carmel, about ten miles distant. I went to the top, and saw the spot where the Prophet Elijah resided. The river Kishon, so often alluded to in Scripture, flows along the bottom of this mountain.

The governor is much respected; he succeeded Diazzar Pasha, one of the greatest Herods or Robespierres of the day, who struck off heads, scooped out eyes, and struck off noses, daily, for his amusement. The present minister, who acted in that capacity to him, had his nose bit off, and an eye taken out, for having offended him. Many are the miserable objects still to be seen going along the streets, whom this man disfigured, and whom he usually called his marked men.

I left Acre, and came on to Tyre, keeping close to the sea-side. The prophecy of Scripture is fulfilled, which declares that this place "shall be as a rock for fishers to spread their nets on." The place is in ruins. Anciently it was a magnificent city, "whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth."

After this I arrived at Sidon, a day's journey distant from Tyre, where I met with much attention from Lady Stanhope, cousin of Mr. Pitt. She is called Princess here, and is greatly respected. I do not think she will ever return to Britain, but end her days at Sidon.

I proceeded; and, after a most toilsome and exhausting journey over chains of mountains for days, and crossing the top of Mount Lebanon, covered with snow, a journey that I really thought would have got the better of me, I arrived safely at Damascus; the view of which, from the mountains descending to it, six miles distant, is most delicious. It is in the centre of a plain, boundless to the eye, and encircled with gardens to the extent of thirty miles. I know of no views that come near to it, unless it be those from Shooter's Hill, or Greenwich, near London. There is a population of 400,000. It is almost death to walk about the streets in any other than the Turkish habit. I have been obliged to adopt it during the whole of my route; but the strictness in Damascus, in this respect, is more remarkable than in any other part of the Holy Land. The spot where the vision appeared to the first Apostle, the house of Ananias, and the place he was "let down by the wall in a basket," are shown; and the street called "Straight," (Acts of the Apostles,) still retains that name.

I remained here eight days; and, after another long journey of several days, I arrived at Balbec, to see the famous ruins. At entering the town, which has a population of 500, it has the appearance of one which has been severely bombarded. The houses are in ruins, and have been built like huts, in many parts of which are the most precious carved stones, broken columns, and inscriptions,—the fragments of the mass of ruins of the grand temple and buildings contiguous.

My eyes never have seen elsewhere, nor I believe ever will see, such magnificent architecture as is to be found on this spot.

The origin of the place has never been distinctly ascertained. One account is, that it was built for Pharaoh's daughter by King Solomon; and it corresponds with the description of the palace given in 1 Kings, chap. vii. ver. 8 and 12. A second is, it was the city celebrated by the Greeks and Latins, under the name of Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, and denoting by its present Arabic name, *Baalbec*, that is, the Vale of Baal, its connexion with the worship of the sun; of which Baal, the chief idol deity of the country, was an appropriate denomination.

In its general proportion and form, it is like the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; but that is quite insignificant compared with this temple, in point of magnificence, structure, and dimensions. There is a noble portico, sustained by pillars of the Corinthian order, each fifty feet in height and six feet in diameter.

Nothing can be more august than the view of the entrance. The front is composed of eight Corinthian pillars, and within these, at the distance of six feet, are four others similar. Through these

appear the door of the temple, which is majestic. Its case or portal resembles, in proportion and construction, the great marble portal at the west end of St. Paul's Church, London, but vastly superior in point of beauty and of richness of sculpture. The inside of the church appears to have been divided into three aisles, and lately the infidel Turks blew up with gun powder a superb column and arch, the only one which remained. Contiguous to this grand temple, which, in point of architecture, is said to be without a fault, are the ruins of a palace of vast extent. Clusters of the finest columns are still remaining, braving the ravages of time. This must have been the residence of some powerful monarch. The stones are so enormous and massy, that one is sometimes really led to think the fabric could not be erected by any human being. In my life never have I seen any thing like them. For instance, there are three of these lying end to end, which are sixty-one yards, or 183 feet long. One of them sixty-three feet, the depth twelve feet, and breadth twelve feet; and, what is remarkable, they are raised up into the wall about twenty feet from the ground. Not a foot can be moved, in going about the town, without stumbling on some precious fragment, beautifully carved.

Here I spent a couple of days; and, after three days' journey, I arrived at Baureuth, took a vessel, and came here, on my way to Antioch and Aleppo; and from which I mean to go to Constantinople, make the tour of Greece, and, if it please God, I hope to be in old England in winter. I have given you a very slight account of my travels in this letter, and I delay all particulars till we meet.

It would take a long summer's day to impart to you the hardships I have encountered, the privations I have been forced to submit to, the hair-breadth escapes I have experienced, the horrid savage Arabs I have been among, the difficulties in the languages encountered. I travel with one servant only.

I have a patent letter from Rome that has commanded at the convents all I could desire, and our ambassador at Constantinople has also sent me a firman from the Grand Signior.

In most parts of my journey I have been obliged to take escorts of soldiers, on account of the dangerous state of the countries. The manners are totally at variance with those in Europe, and every thing appears "passing strange" to a traveller, when he first put his foot in this country.

I have not met with a single Englishman in the whole of my route.

Do remember me kindly to good Mrs. I******, and the accomplished lady we visited at Oxford, whose name I really forget; and believe me my dear I******,

Your's truly, W. R.

P. S.—The name of Englishman is highly respected in all the countries I have passed through.

Extracted from the New Monthly Magazine, January 1820.

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

"Some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

THERE are sometimes persons to be met with in life, whom the whole world seems to have conspired to treat with causeless and capricious indulgence, as if, "mistaking the reverse of wrong for right," they have imagined this would be an atonement for their hourly wrongs of insulted genius and neglected merit. Thus we often see, in an ill-regulated and unhappy family, parents who are distinguished by their indiscriminate severity to their deserving offspring, fling the whole weight of their fondness into the scale of demerit and ingratitude, and like Titania, become "enamoured of an ass,"—and their folly becomes at once their punishment and their degradation. When the world is thus determined, it is incredible with what punctuality it fulfils the conditions of this compact—how it praises and patronizes its adopted favourite—how it exaggerates all its merits, gives bail for all its offences, as if

there were no merits but what its praise must sanction, and no offences but what its protection must justify—let a being so favoured and so flattered be guilty of every irregularity, let him have insulted decency, profaned religion, trampled on social order, and traduced constituted authorities, society still hugs him to her bosom, and whispers in a palliating tone that it is Alcibiades defacing the images of the gods—doubtless the apology is sufficient—*but not to me.*—Let it be remembered, that the l'Enfant gâté whether in the nursery or in life always betrays the same tendencies—the same petulance, premature restlessness, and disgusting frowardness. His is always the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, and falls on t'other side."—His too is the "tetchy and wayward infancy"—or, to drop the language of metaphor, such a being can at once borrow his subsistence from the powers he vilifies—accuse the atmosphere he lives in for the breath it lends him—and insult the laws, for the protection they afford him for abusing them. Yet this shall be a being flattered and caressed, noticed by nobles, and adorned by women of rank and fashion. He shall pass like a meteor from England to Ireland, shedding a brilliant, ominous, and pestilential glare on both countries, and our literary astronomers shall apply their telescopes, and call this newly-discovered planet—Moore.

From what the eminence of Moore has risen it would be rather difficult for candid criticism to discover. He is best described by negatives. He is *not* a man of *superlative* poetical powers—Lord Byron is far beyond him in all the true essence of genius, in all the constituent and elementary parts of a genuine poet.

He is not a man of profound research and erudition. He is no explorer of the untravelled deserts of the soul,—not a man who can drop his line of investigation further than ever "did plummet sound," and bring it up tinged with the proof of his startling and profound discoveries. Wordsworth, and even Wilson, and *the school of lakers*, with all the distortion of their affectation, all their lisping and babyish mawkishness, all the sickening and yet insulting arrogance of their egotism, know more of human concerns and the human heart than Moore does, however they disguise and abuse the knowledge they possess. He is not a man of acute and deep observation in human life, a man skilled in detecting and tracing the changes that the mind undergoes from the modifications of society, the vicissitudes of manners and opinions, and from the topographical influence of local residence and incidental proximity to objects different from what it is usually familiar with. Scott and Hogg, and even Southey, know infinitely more, and have infinitely more the power of painting freshly and vividly the changes of the mind as caused by what may be called the various *dispensations of manners*, often as powerful as the dispensations of religion in producing an exterior revolution in the aspect of society.

There is nothing in the writings—there is nothing in the mind of Moore, that can furnish the brilliant and chivalric paintings of Scott (for Scott is a painter more than a poet); nothing that can furnish the strong national characterism, the wild, picturesque, and yet vital, delineation of the untamed ferocity of the mountain chiefs, the lifeless austerity, the super-human abstraction, the αβιωτος βιος, (mixed with the wildest enthusiasm of military glory, and the implacable obstinacy of Judaical pertinacity, singularly and inharmoniously blended with the language, not the spirit, of the Gospel) in his representation of the covenanters—nothing that can, in fact, give us the wild, and yet awful, picture of a nation in masquerade, *all disguised*, yet *all known*, the fantastic spirit of some presiding demon in the garb of religion, arraying all in their appropriate costume, dictating to all their creed of blasphemy and nonsense, like the devil Milanax, in the Duke of Guise, prompting them with their parts when they fail, and finally, dis-robing them of their borrowed vestments at the hour of their departure, and whispering to them the fallacy of their pretensions, and the awful reality of their despair. Such are the powerful pictures that the great writer we allude to has drawn of

periods more interesting as they become more obscure from the interruptions of time, the incuriosity of contemporaries, and the infidelities of tradition.

In what, then, is Moore eminent?—Not in the naked and gigantic sublimity of absolute genius—not in the piercing and profound anatomy of the human heart—not in the keen, various, and amusive display of the anomalies of human life—not in the strong and thrilling personification of human passion—not in the salutary and heart-touching impression of one mighty moral. He has fluttered "about and about" Parnassus, sending to us occasionally music from the breezes he inhales, and colours from the flowers he visits: but every breeze brings withering on its wings, and every flower in its fragrance reminds one of the blossom of the Upas Tree: it is all infection and death—*Death* not *mortal only.* In adverting to the poetry of Moore, I am forced to undertake a painful task; it is horrible to excruciate morbid impurity by the touch, that, in order to heal, must first feel, expose, and exasperate the seat where the venom is lodged—but it is necessary.

Of a poet in *our days* much is demanded, and must be paid. Thank God, we have done with the times when the first writers in Britain were obliged to saturate a royal mistress with fulsome praise more prostituted (if possible) than her person, and to beg their "leave to toil" of a wretch who sometimes sold it in the venality of regal rapacity, and sometimes in the comparatively innocent intoxication of the vanity of her feelings or her profession. Dryden, and Lee, and Otway, may perhaps be forgiven. Prostituted genius was their crime—but want was their apology.

Has Moore such an apology? No: he had no need to bow the head before voluptuousness, or flatter royal mistresses. His errors are of his own seeking. His vice is his own choice. He is criminal, not from the necessity, but the love of crime. What shall we say of the man who, without any claims from personal necessity, (such as it must be feared far more distinguished minds, and far better hearts, have proved and suffered,) turns *volunteer in the cause of impurity*, who blasphemes decency without the pretext of a bribe from necessity, and, reversing the accusation of Satan, "*serves the Devil for nought.*" Such has been Moore from his youth: his earliest efforts resembled a kind of premature dance round a Priapus. The loathsome obscenity, and wild contortions of his motions were forgiven, or overlooked. We all fondly hoped that a phœnix would arise from the impure and fetid ashes of Tom Little;—that, to borrow the language of *Buchanan, the child who had "*perfected the praise* of the infamous phallic idol in the procession of Jaggernaut," might yet become a convert to Christianity, and renounce the vile and impure idolatries of his infancy.

Has this been the case—I must with revolting hand and pen track him thro' his course of unrepudiated indecency—unqualified jacobinism; and, I dread to add, unrepented infidelity: of the two former the most ample proofs are to be found in his writings—the last must be referred to his conscience; and first of the first, I hesitate not to say, that Moore is a writer whose impurity is the most wilful, deliberate, and persevering, that ever insulted heaven and contaminated society.

The maxim of the ancient orator, that action—action—action, was the soul of oratory, appears to have been translated by Moore, construing the essence of poetry into—lust—lust—lust. I can find nothing else in his writings. I have read them all. How much he owes me for reading them; how much more may he owe me for distinguishing him as he deserves—as the high priest, not even of the *Venus semireducta*, but of the "dark veiled" Cotytto—of the Venus γενετυλλις. If want of decency is want of sense—what shall we think of the man who insults both by going out of his way in the restless search after obscenity, who can publish such lines as these:—

> Thus in our looks *some propagation* lies,
> For we *make babies* in each other's eyes.

* Vide the worship of Jaggernaut, as described by Buchanan himself.

Who can insult the Deity in his wrath, and his creatures amid the terrors that the visible display of that wrath excites, even amid the *brute* creation, and deify lust in the lines that follow :—

Loud howled the wind in the ruins above,
And murmured the warnings of time o'er our† *head*,
While *fearless we offered devotions to love*,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.
* * * * * * * * *

I shudder to trace the rest—

Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it showed me my Julia in languid delight.

Of the Julia (whoever she was) and her lover, we have only to regret that the lightning spared two such monsters to insult the atmosphere they breathed and polluted with their protracted existence.

Take another specimen. Moore is not satisfied with the copious resources of his own imagination : fertile in inexhaustible impurity, he flies to the "integros fontes" to the French writers. He "pumps for life the putrid well of death." He disdains not to translate into English the vilest sillinesses of French epigrams—for example :

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's something not correct between us,
And you're as much in fault as I ;
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
It would not be correct between us,
To let your mother tell a lie.

The poetry of this morceau is as contemptible as its sentiment is disgusting—one might exclaim with Hector M'Intyre, in the Antiquary, "I vow I have not heard a worse halfpenny ballad ;" yet thus low can Moore descend to the worship of obscenity—others kneel, but he submits to grovel. Endowed at least with a rich and brilliant imagination, with a power of painting all that is bright and beautiful in *physical* creation, all that is splendid and voluptuous in moral existence, with a felicitous fluency of versification "unimitated and unimitable,"—with a power of deluging the ear and soul with an inebriating torrent of melody ; with all this, Moore, if I may dare to borrow the application, is willing to "count all things lost" if he "may win" the demon of purity, "and be found in him ;" as he doubtless will one day, however he may deride the creed that whispers the prediction. I am weary of this vile research ; it is like the loathsome labour of Celia's lover in Swift. I have only to add, that neither time nor conscience have arrested the hand, or smitten the heart of Moore. He sings on his song of voluptuousness without any "mitigation or remorse of voice." The "floating brothel," as Voltaire called the Island of Love in the Lusiad of Camoens, is a nunnery, a temple of vestals, contrasted with the seraglio-scenes so vividly painted in the "Veiled Prophet ;" it is a fountain of the nymphs, compared with the loose, luxurious, and triumphant tide of debauchery that overwhelms every page of the description of the "Feast of Roses."

This man has risen by satire, but what is his satire ? That which the object may be proud of. He grasps at the straws on the surface, he spurns the pearls he has not the courage to dive for. I have but two pictures more of Moore to present, and then I have done with him. I have seen him (any one may see him) seated at the piano, surrounded by simpering matrons, some unconscious, some but *too conscious* of the meaning of his warblings ; rank after rank of beautiful unmarried females trembling on the verge of impurity, as they crowded and *blushed* around their favourite minstrel. I have seen him at *his state dinner* in Ireland, surrounded by the shouting O'Donnells and O'Connells, and all the endless Os of Irish genealogy, pledging his soul to them in rosy libations of wine for his *patriotism, and proving it by his determined irrevocable absenteism ;* blessed pledge, such as the Irish, when flattered into popularity by English readers and English booksellers, never fail to give their country. I have done with him. What can contempt heap further on a man than to call him *what he is*—a jacobin in politics—a reckless sensualist in poetry—a practical infidel in religion.—"Such be thy Gods, oh Israel !" woe, woe to those who bow before them.

† Bad grammar is not seldom combined with the outrages of blasphemy.—Vide *Paine, passim.*

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE HAVANNA.

From the Monthly Magazine, Feb. 1820.

Sir,

YOUR commands require of me more than, I fear, I am able to perform. You are not aware that the slightest exertion, even that of writing a note, is a fatigue in this climate; yet you expect that I am to report a special detail of every striking object in this part of the West Indies. I shall, nevertheless, make some attempts to gratify your curiosity.

The *poco à poco* is the motto of all who draw their first breath in these scorching climates, or who come to reside in them. But, to begin, it is unpleasant to announce that, since my arrival, for about a year, in this island, I have witnessed the successive extinction of about four-fifths of those who have arrived from Europe. A terrible disorder, the *vomito negro*, better known by the name of the yellow-fever, almost invariably attacks the newly-landed. In vain do I enquire what is the cause of this disease, and what are the remedies provided against it. The physicians of the country are as uninformed on this subject as I am; as evidently appears from the very different prescriptions which they distribute, and which all tend to one common result,—that of conducting their unhappy patients to the grave. At the same time, the negro women are much more successful in their treatment of the fatal fever than the regular faculty: they inspire confidence which calms the patient, and, then probably, Nature does the rest. The very captains who have brought away the negresses from the coast of Africa, are obliged to implore their benevolent assistance, and are frequently indebted for the preservation of their lives to those whom they have, by an abuse of civilization, deprived of their country and their liberty.

It is terrible to reflect on the rapidity with which this disorder marks its progress. Woe to the wretched victims whose consciences are not at ease! I have never been absent three or four days without having to witness, on my return, the death and interment of some individual of my acquaintance; or, at least, this has occurred to me twice. The first instance was in that of a young Frenchman named St. André, who was about to institute a course of chemical lectures; and, as he had been three years inured to the climate, he was considered as well-seasoned: the second was that of a youth scarcely 19, son of Darte; a young man of excellent education, the amenity of whose manners and native modesty, had gained him many friends.

The Havannah is not the only seat of this terrible scourge: there is not a port in the whole island that can be deemed an exemption. Out of a hundred Europeans who disembarked two months ago at Nuevitas, one-half have fallen victims. The rural districts are more salubrious; yet, even there, the *vomito negro* makes occasional ravages, tho' it appear with less violence and frequency.

The natives are not so exempt from the fever as is commonly imagined. If born in the Havannah, or the other ports, they are subject to a hard condition,—that of never quitting them. Such as embark for America and Europe, and even such as go and reside in the country for a year or two, cannot return without danger. I very lately was an eye-witness of the death of a girl not more than ten years of age, who was born in the Havannah, and brought up at a few miles distance from it, and who had inadvertently repaired thither, to be present at a family-feast.

You may fancy, perhaps, that the disease lies dormant for six months of the year, when the sun is more distant from this part of the torrid zone; but this is a mistaken notion, though pretty generally entertained. There is not a day in the year that does not extinguish its victims, though the number is less considerable in our winter and autumn, than in the spring and summer. It is now raging in all its force: the last fifteen days of April proved fatal to sev-

enty six French; and the English, and all other Europeans, in the proportion of the numbers, sink under its influence. I am even now environed with the dying and the dead. If I stir out, I meet with hundreds of priests running and crossing themselves in all directions; some carrying the viaticum, others chanting psalms or funeral dirges in the different paths leading to the cemeteries. If I remain within doors, twenty bells are constantly tolling, and strike my interior sense still more forcibly than the gloomy scene of which I am the spectator. It is an additional fact, though hardly credible, that even cupidity has its martyrs. A profitable speculation must not be abandoned, and each nation retains its characteristic traits: the Frenchman goes down to his grave with a merry song, and the Englishman dies sulky, though with bottle in hand.

For my part, I can neither sing nor drink, but fly for refuge to the country, where I mean to proceed with my epistle, unless visited by that obnoxious guest, the *vomito negro.*

Here I am, then, reposing in the midst of a meagre scene, the soil covered with volcanic reliques, and no sort of perspective but a few trees thinly scattered, with no umbrage, and but a pale verdure, which it would baffle the imagination of a Briton to conceive.

But I must now try to entertain you with matters less sombrous than the *vomito negro.* My crossing the seas took up 60 days; and, on arriving, my usual good-humour soured into phlegm, on beholding a country naked and parched, with not a flower or rivulet to be seen.

Before we entered the Havannah, we perceived on our left a fort named the Moro, under the cannon of which every vessel must pass. The eminence on which it stands, its actual display, and, more than all perhaps, the menacing aspect of the mouths of its cannon, impress a majestic and imposing character on its exterior. On approaching nearer to the entrance, I beheld on my right a few scattered country-houses, and in the back-ground a village called *La Salud.* This prospect was rather agreeable and pleasing.

In a few minutes we passed through the narrow channel which conducts into the harbour, and then we discovered on a sudden an immense basin of an oval form, regaling the eye with the spectacle of a thousand or twelve hundred flags of all nations. I think the superb Tyre could not have shewn a richer or more magnificent sea-piece. On the right, a thick wall conceals the city, and we could scarcely obtain a glimpse of a few steeples, whose clumsy construction would lead one to conceive that labourers, not architects, had been employed in the embellishments of the Havannah.

On the left of the basin appear a number of houses, that make part of a village called *La Regla,* and behind them is a little grove of trees, the only decoration of that immense basin. In vain we looked about for a rock with a frowning aspect, for a verdant hill or dale, or rows of houses rising in an amphitheatre over the shore.

This haven, which is the most capacious and secure in this part of the world, will in time become useless, unless attention is paid to it. The canal that leads to it is gradually getting narrower; it has only seventeen feet of water, though in 1743 it was four-and-twenty feet deep. The entrance too in 1743 was sixty feet deep, but now only eighteen. The evil is well known, and it would be easy to find a remedy for it; but that species of persevering firmness is the very thing wherein both the public functionaries and individuals here are deficient.

Before I quit the haven, I must not forget to mention the machine that has been constructed for providing vessels with masts; it is considered as very ingenious, and excites the admiration of foreign sailors. It was completed more than twenty years ago, after the designs of a Catalonian named Pedro Gatel; but both the honour and profit of the invention were engrossed by the governor and the commandant of the marine of that time. Both of them obtained promotion for it, while the inventor was not allowed even to raise his own machine. He died some time after in indigent circumstances and broken-hearted, and his widow and children are lan-

guishing in poverty at this day, at the Havannah.

On landing, we saw before us a narrow archway, that leads to the Havannah. The intermediate space is not above ten steps. At every second step I felt myself sinking in mire; but I expected to find a good pavement on passing the gateway. No such thing. On the right, on the left, before you, it is all a mudhole; and through the whole range of streets there was no prospect of getting free from it, till we arrived at the house we were in search of.

The streets are not paved, and the waters have no descent; hence the surface remains in a state of nature. This constant stagnation of the water necessarily gives rise to pestilential miasmata, and renders the Havannah a sink of foul exhalations. As soon as we advanced a little into the city, we were assailed with an intolerable stench, which I could not get rid of, and my olfactory nerves seemed to be bewildered as much as they would have been among the drugs of twenty apothecaries' shops.

In going through the streets, I found them narrow, dirty, not laid out in straight lines, and inclosed with low houses, which have windows indeed, but without glass panes, and which are closed with wooden bars. The appearance of the people who perambulate the streets helped to aggravate the painful impressions which I felt; thousands of whites and negroes, most of them covered with rags and plasters, strike a stranger, on his first landing, with a kind of horror: he soon gets rid of all his previous illusions, and disappointment intercepts the gay hopes which he had anticipated.

In advancing thus far, I had to shield my face from swarms of musquetoes, that were annoying me with their stings; and to protect my ears against the rumbling of a score of bells, in eight or ten steeples. Sometimes it is for a dying person, sometimes for an interment; and further off, it is a call to an office or ecclesiastical service.

On proceeding to my hotel, I could hardly believe it one. An immense hall, as large as a barn, and almost as unfurnished, is the common rendezvous; the sleeping-rooms are not much better than small closets, as naked as the hall. They enclose you within four walls, and the only furniture is a bedstead; in which you may stow yourself, rather to escape from seeing and hearing, than to enjoy sleep or comfortable repose. In vain did I, on the first night, implore the aid of Morpheus. A hard thin mattress, which I got only by entreating for it, communicates an uneasy burning heat. Nor indeed could I doze; for the plaintive cries of a sick person from an adjacent closet cast a gloom over me, which I could not overcome.

It was my lot to experience all this the first night of my arrival. No sooner had I risen, than I made enquiries about the sick person whose groans I had heard in the cell next to mine. They told me he was gone out, and I drew a good omen from this; but learned in the course of the day, that he was truly gone out, but it was to his last home; for, very early in the morning, he had been removed for interment.

Thus, dear sir, I present you with a faithful recital of my first day's incidents. Three parts out of four of those who come here are speedily surfeited, and reimbark immediately; and I have observed, that the military gentlemen are the first to make their escape.

Here are no external objects to amuse, no buildings to invite, a spectator; the public places narrow and inelegant, the houses low, as if erected in the infancy of the art. But what astonishes me is, that in so hot a climate there is no public garden,—not a tree to be seen, to afford a little refreshing shade. In a word, the Havannah, in its totality and in its details, seems to have been built for such a population as it contains. Extreme misery in Europe exhibits nothing half so hideous as the black tawny figures which here encumber the public ways; that part of the body which is not covered by filthy rags, lets appear plasters, cataplasms, and vesicatories; we are walking not in a city, but in a vast infirmary.

Persons in easy circumstances seldom stir out, or if they do, you scarcely ever meet them on foot. As to the women, whether rich or not, provided

they are whites, custom, that inflexible tyrant, forbids them the use of their legs, and they can only appear abroad in gigs or chariots, so concealed with cloth curtains, that even the professed gallant can scarcely steal a glimpse of them.

Things look some little better in the interior of the houses. The principal place, which is on a level with the street, is in a manner all light, as the door and the windows are almost always open. Nor can you well designate a proper appellation for this principal place; for here, jumbled together, we find the voiture, the toilette, and the bed, so that it is a coach-house, a saloon, and a bedchamber, all in one. Though it stands open to the street, all the household work is going on, and the women will dress and undress there as quietly as if no profane eye could overlook them. In London or Paris, such a procedure would soon collect a mob, but here it is scarcely even noticed. Are morals purer in Europe? This I will not determine; but, assuredly, they are more decent.

As the day begins to decline, you sally out, to console yourself, in some circles, for the languor of the forenoon; you introduce yourself to such as you have commenced acquaintance with, or to whom you are recommended. There you survey the master and family sunk in a dismal solitude. You think, perhaps, you are come too soon; an hour or too passes without a single strange face to greet, or any to break in upon the tedious dryness of the conversation. To hold a discoure requires an effort in this country; it throws you into a perspiration.

All the saloons here are uncommonly large. In some of these you will find elegant furniture of European manufacture, but their rooms look naked enough, as it would require an upholsterer's shop to supply the requisite decorations. Furniture here is attacked by three destructive foes,—the insects, heat, and moisture. A new provision must be made every two or three years; but rather than incur an expense so enormous, the inhabitants prefer stowing their piastres and ounces of gold in their coffers, where the sight of them, to minds uncultivated, yields more pleasure than the noble productions of taste and the arts.

From the Literary Gazette.

ANASTASIUS: OR, MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

WE have been so much delighted with this publication, that we sit down to the task of making it known to our readers with a decided conviction that we can only very imperfectly execute our purpose. Not even one of the giant reviews, which three or four times a year illuminate the literary hemisphere, will be able to find room for a tythe of the extracts which crowd upon the critic, and demand his special notice; what then can be done with our weekly sheet? Let us face the difficulty and see.

Anastasius is the Anacharsis of our times. What the latter is to ancient, the former is to modern Greece. But his travels and adventures are more widely extended; and not only Greece, but Turkey and Egypt, are delineated with a living pencil. Lady Mary Wortley Montague herself, does not present us with more genuine or more characteristic pictures; and though the frame-work of the publication is a fiction of the novel genus, it is immediately seen that the descriptions are real, the facts authentic, and the whole the result of actual and highly intelligent observation. Indeed if report is to be credited, which in this case we have reason to believe it may, these volumes are the fruits of the travels of Mr. THOMAS HOPE, connected together in the enlivened shape of a fabulous narrative, but in every respect the authentic produce of personal remark.

Such being the character of Anastasius, it would be absurd to treat it as a romance: it is in fact, travels in Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, knit together by a

highly interesting story, and distinguished for accurate and felicitous sketches of the society and manners of these countries. With regard to the execution, we can truly say that it is admirable. Where pathos is aimed at, we often meet with a simplicity and strength which go home to the heart; and in the lighter parts there is a caustic and humorous vein which, except in Pigault Lebrun, (whose style it frequently resembles,) we have not seen equalled since the day of Voltaire, of whom it also very forcibly reminds us.

With this general impression of the work, we beg to take leave of our preface. No doubt, the praise we offer is of the most flattering kind; but we will venture to anticipate that even our extracts will justify it, and the book itself raise the eulogy still more.

The Editor, in his preface says, that his aim is not wholly frivolous.

"In an age in which whatever relates to the regions, once adorned by the Greeks, and now defaced by the Turks, excites peculiar attention, he thought that this narrative might add to our information on so interesting a subject, not only by presenting a picture of national customs and manners, but by offering many historical and biographical notices, not to be met with elsewhere, and yet, as far as their accuracy has been investigated, narrated with a scrupulous regard to truth:—for tho' the author has probably brought forward under the mask of fictitious names, the persons and adventures of some private individuals, whom he might not have deemed himself warranted to drag before the public undisguised, he seems to have described public events and personages with all the fidelity of an historian."

This, making allowance for what our French neighbours call the mystification, perfectly explains the nature of the work.

Anastasius, the son of Greek parents from Epirus, but settled at Chio, where his father was drogueman to the French consul, is completely a spoilt child, and in consequence so refractory and vicious, that it was deemed expedient to educate him for the church. At an early age, however, he has an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter; and to avoid its natural termination, flies from Chio in a Venetian vessel, of which he is appointed, ad interim, cabin-boy. The captain of the ship does not avoid the pirates with all the anxiety that might have been expected: it is therefore met with, boarded while the crew are all drunk, and captured. The pirates and their prize are however taken in turn by a Turkish frigate, and our hero and his companions carried before Hassan Pasha. The rest are dismissed to punishment; but the young Greek is released, and gradually gets into favour with the Albanese drogueman of the Pasha, a very great personage in his way. After various exploits in the war against the Arnaoots, he accompanies his patron to Constantinople; where his adventures, intrigues, change of faith, and other incidents are detailed, and carry us nearly to the end of the first volume. His return to Greece, and obtaining, in quality of Moslemin, possession of his mother's estate at Naxos; his rejection by his family; his visit to Rhodes, and subsequent voyage to Egypt, where he becomes Mamluke, and takes part in the struggles of the Beys, afford other and excellent opportunities for those traits of character, descriptions of scenery, pictures of domestic life, and accounts of public transactions, all of which the author paints with so much fidelity, naiveté, and vigor.

This is a very rough outline of the story, but our extracts will unfold it more amply.

Under Hassan, Anastasius fights most heroically, and slays an Arnaoot leader in battle. The following is a neat satire upon the customs of civilized war.

"The head which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the Pasha, he only treated as a football;—an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own; but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining Arnaoots, cut off at the Dervens, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of Tripolizza a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back from the common store a

skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use : but the Pasha severely censured an idea 'so disgraceful,' he observed, 'to a civilized nation like the Turks ;' and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock."

Reluctantly passing over various spirited passages in the early part of his first volume, in which the talents of this writer are very strikingly manifested, we give his account of the approach to Stambool,orConstantinople,as seen from the grand vizier's ship, a three-decker.

"At last we entered the Boghaz !* Stunned by the incessant thundering of an almost uninterrupted succession of batteries, lining the shore right and left all the way, I felt not the less as if sharing all the honours of their salutes, and could scarce repress my joy and exultation. In a few hours, I was to behold that celebrated city, whose origin lay hid in the obscurity of ages, whose ancient greatness had often been the theme of my infant wonder, and whose humiliation under the Othoman yoke I had, in concert with my didaskalos† of Chio, frequently lamented with tears ; but which, even in its present degraded state, and groaning under the despotism of the Turks—had, from a child, been the final object of all my views and wishes.

"A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis,foaming at our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed ; as if—become animated—it felt the near approach to its place of rest ; and at last Constantinople rose,in all its grandeur, before us.

"With eyes rivetted on the opening splendours I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, which, either stretched away along the winding shore, reflecting their image in the the wave, or creeping up the steep sides of the mountains, traced their outline on the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures,—until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed as if by magic into three entirely different cities,† each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the others by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their stupendous base, and made it rest half on Europe and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories : I hardly retained power to breathe ; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream ?"

We must now accompany our hero to Constantinople, in the suite of the Greek drogueman, "the Lord Mavroyeni." His approach to the Greek Quarter affords an example of the accuracy of his descriptions.

"It was with difficulty I could collect my scattered senses, when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the Drogueman's suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light caick (wherry) glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it ; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master's habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing towards a less showy quarter ; I suffered increasing pangs as we were made to step ashore on a mean looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane ; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when arrived

* The Boghaz : generic Turkish name for streights ; here applied to those of the Dardanelles.

† Didaskalos : a teacher.

† Three entirely different cities : namely, Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect, I was told that there lived the lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade myself that my companions were joking; but too soon assured they only spoke the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprise awaited me within. That despised fir-wood case of dusky brown, the regular uniform of all the Fanariote palaces, and which seemed so much out of repair, that the very blinds were dropping off of their hinges, contained rooms furnished in all the splendour of Eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellice work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers. And soon I found that this dismal exterior was an homage, paid by the cunning of the Greek gentry, to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may, in Christians, savour of ostentation or parade. The persons of the Fanaorite grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went out into the streets wrapped in coarse, and dingy, and often thread-bare clothing."

Nothing can be better than the definition of the Greek character, which is put into the mouth of the drogueman.

"The complexion of the modern Greek may receive a different cast from different surrounding objects; the core still is the same as in the days of Pericles. Credulity, versatility, and thirst of distinctions from the earliest periods formed, still form, and ever will continue to form the basis of the Greek character; and the dissimilarity in the external appearance of the nation arises, not from any radical change in its temper and disposition, but only from the incidental variation in the means through which the same propensities are to be gratified. The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred Gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells; the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities for the purpose of obtaining success in war, and pre-eminence in peace: the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague, or to propitiate a mistress. The former were staunch patriots at home, and subtle courtiers in Persia; the latter defy the Turks in Mayno, and fawn upon them at the Fanar. Besides, was not every common-wealth of ancient Greece as much a prey to cabals and factions as every community of modern Greece? Does not every modern Greek preserve the same desire for supremacy, the same readiness to undermine by every means, fair or foul, his competitors, which was displayed by his ancestors? Do not the Turks of the present day resemble the Romans of past ages in their respect for the ingenuity, and at the same time, in their contempt for the character of their Greek subjects? And does the Greek of the Fanar shew the least inferiority to the Greek of the Piraeus in quickness of perception, in fluency of tongue, and in fondness for quibbles, for disputation, and for sophistry?—Believe me, the very difference between the Greeks of time past and of the present day arises only from their thorough resemblance, from that equal pliability of temper and of faculties in both, which has ever made them receive with equal readiness the impression of every mould, and the impulse of every agent. When patriotism, public spirit, and pre-eminence in arts, science, literature, and warfare were the road to distinction, the Greeks shone the first of patriots, of heroes, of painters, of poets, and of philosophers. Now that craft and subtlety, adulation and intrigue are the only path to greatness, these same Greeks are—what you see them!"

Having by his irregularities, for he also partakes a little of Don Juan, worn out the patience of his master Mavroyeni, Anastasius is, *un beau matin*, as our French neighbours would say, very coolly ordered to "walk out of his house, and never to walk in again!" This event gives rise to

a new series of adventures in the Turkish capital: of these the reader will be enabled to form some notion, from a short paragraph detailing his mode of treatment while associated with a Jewish quack doctor, who had abandoned the less profitable calling of an old clothesman, for that lucrative and well stocked profession.

"The Jew (says our hero) was to carry his own Galen in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a Capuchin; I undertook the medicine chest, with all its pills of starch, and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the Jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal, and, after vainly begging, in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in this new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron. Immediately we began stalking thro' all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weather cocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones.

"Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As all cases were pretty much alike to our skill, a single feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients, chiefly of the industrious class, could not afford long illnesses; and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted they still felt disordered, when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained. Still more disagreeable incidents now and then occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoob, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage, the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear. It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mohammedan festival) a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoob's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go thro' the whole ceremony."

We are tempted to offer another passage from this portion of the volume, in which the author describes the last moments of a Parsee.

"One evening, as we were returning from the Blacquernes, an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold on my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. 'I have brought a physician,' said the female to the patient, 'who perhaps may relieve you.'—'Why will you,' answered he faintly, 'still persist to feed idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace; nor disturb my last moments by vain illusions! My soul pants to rejoin the Supreme Spirit; arrest not its joys: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!' As he spoke these words, which even struck Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace, the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. 'I have always,' said he,' considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Therefore carry me out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!'

"We all rushed forward to obey the mandate. But the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the

window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration ; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendour; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest !"

The description of the Bagnio is powerful and original :

" The vast and high enclosure of the Bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing ! One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the Grand Signior, whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to this abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit ; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights ; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Gipsies ; and here are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mohamedan, the Christian, the Hebrew and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err : for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the Sultan's cupidity, still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price ; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow sufferers ; and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflictors.

"Every day a capital fertile in crimes pours new offenders into this dread receptacle ; and its high wall and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Othoman Empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its dismal echoes a moment's repose. From morning until night, and from night until morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves drag about while confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue thus linked after the death of either; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments, and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impassible, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery ; while, there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and dash to pieces his head against the wall of his dungeon.

" A long unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reïs by name, was the fiend of hell who, by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he still was

obliged to calculate what degree of agony the human frame could bear, and to proportion the pain he inflicted to the powers of suffering which man possessed, lest, by despatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother dæmons, in the blissful abodes where torments do not kill, and where the sufferer's pains might be increased in an infinite ratio.

"Of this truth, the very hour of my arrival has afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the Sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased Pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the diligent performance of his office. On the very first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the Seraff expired!

"Two days later, the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublunary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose. They determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already pressing to the ground the prostrate monster, in hopes of burying his corpse under a living tumulus. But Achmet's good star prevailed:—ere yet his suffocation was completed, soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered, to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest vengeance. Their punishment was dreadful! Sanguinary but not cruel, prone to shed blood in anger, yet shuddering at torture, I was horror-struck at the scene, and the yells of the victims still ring in my ears."

The horrors of this scene are dreadfully aggravated by the introduction of the plague; and we proceed to quote another example of deeply affecting composition—

"The scourge had been expected for some time. By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's-wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells*.

"Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me: for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach, and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the fields, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that,—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side,—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live; that those who to day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to morrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that finally we may behold the grim destroyer, in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations, here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave, from drunkenness as well as from disease.

* This description of the plague is conformable to the form in which Greek superstition embodies that disease.

"The before busy bee-hive of the Bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence, pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads; and nothing any longer appeared that wore a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When however the dire disease had devoured all that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel; and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the Bagnio had escaped its fury, were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation."

From this excellent description of the public prison of Constantinople, we further extract the author's portrait of a Maynote chief whom he met there, and whose resemblance to the hero of Lord Byron's Corsair will render it still more interesting to the admirers of his Lordship's poetry.

"There are men so gifted, as, in whatever situation fate may place them, still contrive to inspire a certain awe and respect; and though fallen through dint of adverse circumstances into the most abject condition, still to retain over them an innate superiority. Of this sort was Mackari. He had been one of the chieftains of that small tribe of mountaineers, pent up in the peninsula of Mayno, who, like greater nations, claim dominion over the seas that gird their native rocks. He had only considered himself as acting conformably to his natural right, in capturing the vessels that trespassed on his domain without purchasing his permission; and in his conduct he neither discerned injustice nor treachery. His lofty soul therefore still preserved all its dignity amid his fallen fortunes. Patient under every insult, unruffled by torture, he was never heard to utter a sigh, to offer a remonstrance, or to beg a mitigation of his sufferings. Even when his keepers, unable to wrest from his scornful lip the smallest acknowledgement of their ingenuity in torturing, began to doubt their own powers, and, irritated at his very forbearance, resolved to conquer by a last and highest outrage his immoveable firmness; when with weights and pullies they forced down to the ground that countenance, which, serene in the midst of suffering, seemed only fit to face the Heavens; when they compelled him, whose mental independence defied all their means of coercion, constantly to behold the fetters that contracted his body, they only succeeded to depress his earthly frame; they were not able to lower his unbending spirit. Still calm, still serene as before, he only smiled at the fresh chains with which he was loaded; and at each new fetter added to his former shackles, his mind only seemed to take a loftier flight.

"Yet, impassible as he appeared to his own woes, was he most feelingly alive to those of his companions. Of every new hardship which threatened to increase their sufferings, he uniformly stood forward to court the preference; and while his fortitude awed into silence the useless complaints of his troop, his self-devotion still relieved its real misery. One day when a ferocious soldier was going to fell with his club the comrade of Mackari's fetters, whom his manacled hands could not save from the blow, he opposed to the frightful weapon all he could command, his arm; which, broken by the stroke, fell by his side a wreck."

"Thus did the Maynote captain's former crew still view in their chief, though loaded with irons like themselves, not only the master to whom they continued to pay all the obedience they could shew, but the protector on whom they depended for all the comfort they could receive. His very keepers were unable in his sight to shake off the awe felt by all who approached him. They confessed by their fears their nothingness in his pre-

sence: they scarce could derive a sufficient sense of security from all the fetters which they had heaped upon their victim! In vain would he himself with a bitter and disdainful smile point to his forlorn state, and ask what they apprehended from one on whom they might trample with impunity? The mere sound of his voice seemed to belie his words. It was the roar of a lion, dreaded even when emitted through the bars of his cage. And when, with shackles somewhat loosened in order to perform his daily labour, Mackari was enabled to raise his head and to resume his erect posture; when his majectic forehead shone far above the brows of his tallest companions; he looked like the cedar of Lebanon which, though scathed by the lightning from Heaven, still overtops all the trees of the forest; and the wretches to whose care he was committed, used immediately to recede to a fearful distance."

LIVING INHABITANTS OF A FORMER WORLD.

From the Edinburgh Magazine, Jan. 1820.

LIVING TOADS FOUND IN STONES ARE PRODUCTIONS OF THE FORMER WORLD. BY THE RECTOR OF FABSDORF.

THE occurrence of living toads in stones, is one of the most remarkable facts in natural history. Amongst many examples of this sort, we shall mention a few which put the matter beyond all doubt. A living toad was found in a large stone, at Newark on Trent, in England. It was of a white colour, measured three and a half inches, but appeared incapable any more of bearing the light. For all its motions argued an incompatible state, and an hour afterwards it died. But in this time it was seen by several hundred people.

In a stone quarry, near Cassel, the workmen discovered three living toads lying together in a stone four feet long, three feet broad, and as many high, on the outside of which, before it was broken, not the slightest trace of an aperture was to be discovered. It was with difficulty that these animals could be brought from the spot they lay in, and as soon as they were taken out, they hopped in again. They appeared at first to be quite lively in the grass; but they died in half an hour.

The fact cannot, therefore, be disputed, and I could, were it necessary to prove the truth of these appearances, quote many instances of this sort, which have been recorded. Some time since a living toad was found in slate, at Ruthenberg on the Saale. We shall not, therefore, detain ourselves longer on this point, but endeavour rather to explain the matter. Every thinking reader, who has not heard of this phenomenon, will consider such as wonderful, and many even unaccountable. It appears also at first sight to be impossible for a creature to be inclosed in stone, such a length of time, without dying of hunger, or being suffocated.

Naturalists have endeavoured, to be sure, to shew, how this is possible; but no one has, if I remember, explained in what manner and when these animals came into the stones.

In order to solve the first problem, it is said, the stone in which the toads existed, was probably a porous sandstone, which imbibed moisture from rain, which the animal inspired by means of its pores, or its sucking warts. For these animals can be kept long alive on wet blotting paper, which is moistened from time to time. It is also known that toads and frogs are very tenacious of life, and can fast a long time.

An English naturalist made a trial, how long he could keep a toad without nourishment; he placed it in a pot, and buried it in the ground, closing it carefully. He forgot by chance to dig up the pot, until 2 or 3 years were elapsed. He found his toad still living, and buried it a-fresh. We have to wait the issue.

But this explanation does not appear quite satisfactory to us. Such a creature can be preserved living by means of moisture or water, for a certain time. But many thousand years, how would that be possible? For we cannot ad-

mit of a shorter period, since which our rocks, even slate, lime, and sandstone, and who knows, even if it were a porous sandstone in which the toads lived.

We can more easily explain how such an animal can exist and be preserved in a tree. For a living toad has been found in the cavity of a tree, which, according to its rings, must have been more than 80 years old. It probably had crept into a hole of one of its boughs, and had not been able to come out again ; and the opening had in the course of time completely closed. Here it could easier subsist, than in hard stone, but the sequel will show, that the preservation of these animals does not depend upon nourishment, but upon another circumstance, and quite other causes. We come now to the second question, how and when the toads came into the stones. In order to render this clear to ourselves, we must remember, that besides our own present world, one has already preceded it, which contained, as ours, terrestrial and marine animals. Yet there was a time, when the whole continent was but an immeasurable ocean ; as the secondary mountains, with their petrified beds of muscles, fishes, and sea productions prove. After some unknown great catastrophe, which our earth suffered, the sea at length disappeared, and from *a world of waters* arose, if I may be allowed the expression, *a world of land.* There, where at present the plough turns up the soil, and countless corn fields shine with their golden harvests, where immense forests spread forth their luxuriant trees, amongst which numerous wild animals sport, where hills and mountains raise their varied summits, where herds of cattle graze, where rivulets and rapid streams wind thro' the vallies, and where cities and villages are now situated, there formerly raged the waves of this ocean—there swarmed hosts of animals, of numberless forms and magnitudes.

At the command of the Almighty the waters disappeared, and with them the then existing world of marine animals and of plants, which were thus placed upon the dry land.

The bowels of the earth have preserved to our times the remains of such only as have withstood decay, and have become petrified. And the bottom of the sea became dry land, and the slime and mud it had left behind was hardened into stone. But another terrestrial world, besides the one of water above mentioned, must have existed before the present one was formed. This can be seen from the numerous remains of terrestrial animals and productions which we find in different countries, and which do not belong to the present period of the earth. There are as many and as large forests under the earth as there are above it, which have been buried thousands of years ago, and have been transformed into coal. There were formerly as many, perhaps more, large and small animals on the earth than there are at present. We must therefore suppose, that the sea and dry land have been continually changing places with each other on the surface of our earth, and that after each change of this description, a new creation of animals and plants took place on it. For this reason we find, that wood in a state of coal, and the bones of quadrupeds, occur intermixed with marine productions in the same bed ; nay, even under the bottom of the sea we discover river muscles, and the beds of former great rivers. It may be conjectured, that at a future transformation of the earth new intermixtures will arise, and the productions of our present world will be united with those of a former one, and rest with them in one common grave, in order to make place for a new and better world. It is impossible to determine the time when the last great transformation took place, which caused the former world to make place for this. But every one who knows how much time is necessary to produce a new creation of plants and animals out of the bosom of the earth, according to the laws of nature, must easily discern that many centuries must have passed away since that great catastrophe happened.

The living toads already mentioned must have been inclosed in their stony prisons during this last revolution of the globe. For on the present period of the earth having commenced, and the productions of the former world being

buried in mud and slime by the overflowing of the sea, the whole surface of the earth became turned into solid strata by some unknown process of nature, and out of the sand-banks and coral reefs of the sea, arose the secondary limestone and sandstone mountains. The toads of the former world met with the same fate as its fish and other animals; they were covered and buried with mud. They would have perished like their fellow creatures, in water or in mud, had not their peculiar organization prevented this. These animals possess the property of sleeping and remaining in a state of torpor during the winter, without having occasion for any nourishment during the whole period. Frogs are often to be found, in winter, in ice, and on its thawing, they are again revived. And it is well known, that frogs and toads, when the weather is warmer than usual in the spring, come forth from their holes in the earth, and commence a new life. During the great revolution of our globe, just mentioned, when the whole animal and vegetable creation was buried under mud and earth; these toads met with a similar fate, and were inclosed in their stony prisons until they were released from them by accident. They were obliged to repose in them some thousand years in a state of sleep, having no other means in their power, otherwise they would have had a like fate with millions of fishes and terrestrial animals, which perished and became petrified.

But it may be said, that these toads might have been inclosed in stone at a later period, as these animals are fond of creeping into holes and cavities of the earth in order to sleep the winter. Even the toads which were found inclosed alive in a tree must have come there in this manner. It is also known, that in limestone quarries, new rocks, as calc-tuff, &c., are formed during a comparatively short period of time, and that these animals might, perhaps, have been inclosed through these means. But if insects of a former world could be preserved in amber, and mammoths in their full flesh in ice, a toad of the primeval world could well exist alive in stone, until the present world, as it is very tenacious of life, and has the advantage of being able to pass a long time without nourishment, in a state of torpor or sleep. The fact is still a problem which naturalists or zoologists will alone be capable of solving: and which would be effected by anatomising one of those fossil toads with the view of ascertaining if it is an animal of the present or of the former world. The white colour, which the English toad had, leads us to suppose it as probable that it did not belong to our world, provided the length of time and the want of air and nourishment had not changed its natural colour and bleached its body.—In the mean time, if such an animal can exist for years in an old tree, or even in a stone, it is also capable of being preserved in a stony prison thousands of years, because, being asleep and in so confined a situation, no exhalation takes place from it, and, therefore, there is no occasion to replace the lost animal juices by various nourishment. Wonderful phenomenon! The toad, this ugly and much despised animal, was of all others the only one capable of undergoing this experiment of nature, and, thereby, of viewing a second time the light of the world. All others, the most noble creatures, even man himself, had it not in his power to live to see such a blessing. Man, with his fellow creatures, could only pass into the new world in a petrified state, the insects of a former world could only be preserved from complete ruin in amber, and the mammoth be partially preserved in ice, but the toad was capable, on account of its tenacious powers of life, and its peculiar nature, to pass from the old world into the new one in a living state, and by these means to be snatched from destruction. It has seen two worlds, having been an inhabitant of the old as well as the new one. It has twice trodden the theatre of the world!

How many useful considerations does the discovery not give rise to! How many weighty truths may not be traced from it!

These toads, therefore, furnish us with a fresh proof of a former world. For, if they do not belong to our world,

but are different from the present animals of the same species, which, however, must be more decidedly proved than at present, it is clear that there have been formerly other animals in the world than ours. Should they prove to be a new species, we shall have discovered a new race of animals of a former world, and thus add one more to those already known. It were only necessary that Cuvier should discover or examine such a toad found in stone, and perhaps one more would be immediately added to the number of primeval animals discovered by him.

But the circumstance gives rise to other considerations; if the philosopher takes pleasure in endeavouring to penetrate the depths of futurity, and in exploring the future fate of our world, and of his fellow-creatures: it cannot be less agreeable and instructive to him to investigate the past, and to read the former fate of our present earthly inhabitants by the remains of a former world. Such an enquiry makes us acquainted with numerous interesting facts, and we shall now present our readers with a few of these.

We fancy ourselves standing in the subterraneous caverns of a great limestone mine, and admiring the immense masses of rock, with its different layers and strata. On nearer inspection, we find that these masses of limestone teem with millions of shell-fish, and other remains of a former world, which must have ceased to exist thousands of years ago; that we are even standing on a former bottom of the ocean, and are surrounded by millions of marine animals, and other productions of the sea. On searching, we soon find a cornu ammonis, whose species is now extinct in the world; then a nautilus, now a gryphite, or a turbinite, or a pectinite, &c. &c. In these we discover beings which have a similitude to our present inhabitants of the ocean, but are differently constructed. Here we discover a petrified fucus, and remark in it the branch of a former marine plant. There we notice the remains of an encrinite, or lily stone, and discover, them to have been formerly marine animals of a remarkable nature. Here, we even find a tooth, and recognise it to have belonged to an unknown animal of the former world, or of a fish whose race has been destroyed in a great revolution of the earth. There we discover a thigh-bone lying under the ruins of the former world, and immediately pronounce it to be part of a palaotherium. We cannot help expressing the most earnest wish to be better acquainted with this world of plants and animals for ever passed away. We often, in imagination, fancy to ourselves the delight we would experience could we have seen the former world, with its various productions, in their natural and living state, in order to compare them with their present terrestrial creation! but this is a wish which cannot be gratified. We are only capable of judging, from the scanty remains of the numerous productions of that early period, of their existence and properties. If the earth is to be again inundated with water, and its inhabitants destroyed and again peopled, the inhabitants of the new world will form nearly the same conception of the animals and vegetables of the present world as we form of those of the world which has preceded the present. But the ideas thus formed will be very imperfect. But do not let us make too hasty conclusions! On finding a piece of amber, we discover in it an insect of the former world, in all its natural beauty and form, as it has lived and breathed. At another time, in breaking a rock in pieces, in order to examine its correspondent parts, and to ascertain if it contains any marine organic remains—and behold! our wish of beholding animals of the former world alive in their natural form, is now accomplished. A living creature of the former period of the earth, a toad, which has withstood the decay of thousands of years, springs out of its prison, in which it has been secured against every injury. It awakes from its slumber, on beholding the renewed light which beams around it, and of whose beneficial influence it has been so long deprived, in order to convince us of the reality of a former world, and then after a

short second existence, falls into an eternal sleep.

Such are the geological speculations of J. G. J. Ballenstedt, rector of Pabsdorf, in the duchy of Brunswick. They are infinitely more amusing than the mineralogical visions offered to the imaginations of philosophers, by our Geological Societies and Mineralogical Travellers.—*Editor of Blackwood's Mag.*

POPULAR TRADITION RESPECTING STEIN CASTLE.

From the Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1820.

DESCRIPTION *of* STEIN CASTLE *in the* TYROL; *in a recent* LETTER *from a* LADY, *travelling in that country.*

ON approaching Stein, the country becomes more and more romantic. The small rivers Alz and Traun flow through a delightful vale, skirted by the majestic mountains of Tyrol. In the centre of this valley is a lofty hill, covered from its base to its summit with firs and other trees, and displaying on its ridge the ruins of an ancient castle of the twelfth century. Tales, which may be partly true and partly fabulous, are still related at this time, of the horrible acts of the individual by whom it was built. Heintz de Stein, says popular tradition, was the terror of his time; the neighbouring princes even dreaded this cruel and ferocious man. It is said that this knight and robber caused to be constructed beneath his castle two subterraneous passages hewn out in the rock, one of which being of a great depth, was a league in extent, and reached to Trosbourg, while the other extended five leagues as far as Denglein. It is also said that these passages were sufficiently lofty to enable Stein and his followers to pass thro' them on horseback. One of them had a concealed outlet in the centre of a thick forest, whence he rushed suddenly, with his armed followers, on the surrounding dwellings, laying waste entire villages, and even towns. It is asserted, that this monster of ferocity massacred in these darksome caverns, with the help of a machine of deadly contrivance, all the workmen, to the amount of several hundreds, who had built his formidable castle, and hewn out the passages,—to the end that no one should remain, to betray the secret of his subterraneous abode; for there it was that he spent his nights, sallying out from his obscure retreat, to plunder and devastate. He oftentimes dragged from their families beautiful girls, or married females, whom he put to death, after having satiated his brutal desires. One of his wretched victims, however, had a sufficient ascendancy over this villain, to be allowed to complete the term of her pregnancy, and was delivered of a male infant. By dint of flattery and caresses, she succeeded in prevailing on him to allow the child to live, on the condition that he should be exposed in the neighbourhood of a village. Stein himself accompanied her with the infant to the spot she had selected. Shortly after, the unfortunate mother projected a plan of escape from the den in which she was immured; this her ferocious tyrant discovered, and subjected her to the fate which had overtaken so many other of his female victims. The exposed infant having been found by a rich farmer, was conveyed to his home, and carefully reared, as if he had been his own son. Not having any children of their own, he and his wife bestowed on him all their tenderness, and had the satisfaction to find it was not ill placed. From his father he inherited bodily strength and martial courage; he possessed the beauty and mildness of his mother; and his amiable parents by adoption inspired in him nobleness of mind, the love of virtue, and the utmost abhorrence of cruelty and injustice. Ardent and valorous, this child swore, from his tenderest infancy, that, as soon as he could carry arms, he would rid the world of the monster by whom the whole of the adjacent territory was laid waste. The heroic youth did not suspect that this virtuous sentiment kindled up his wrath against his own father. He entered into the service of a duke of Bavaria, and there distinguished himself as a courageous warrior, while his amiable qualities procured him the love and esteem

of every one. He won the heart of a charming young girl, and, with the consent of her parents, was betrothed to her; but the fame of her beauty having reached the ears of the old knight of the castle, a plan was formed by him to carry her off. The young soldier having learned that his well-beloved was watched, proceeded to her dwelling, with a few friends. One night, the brigand of the castle, accompanied by his armed men, endeavoured to force the gates, but met with so warm a reception from the brave youth and his small party, that his criminal enterprise was defeated. Young Stein slew the squires of the old monster, who was himself made prisoner, after having been severely wounded, and delivered up to the princes of Salzberg and Bavaria, by whom he was put on his trial. Then it was that a kind of recognition took place; the young man having appeared, to testify that the knight of the castle had attacked the dwelling of the lady to whom he was affianced. Heintz de Stein was so struck with his perfect resemblance to the young female whose child had been exposed, that he fancied he saw her as newly risen from the grave, to reproach him with her death, and the crimes he committed daily.—"It is she, it is she," he exclaimed, "or it is her son, whose life I had the folly to spare, and who is come to raise against his guilty father all the furies of hell!" Such an avowal, and the testimony of the farmer by whom he had been found, were sufficient evidences that the young soldier was sole heir of Heintz de Stein. He who had dishonoured this proud name expired amid the paroxysms of rage and remorse. His castle and extensive domains were bestowed on his son; and thenceforth this spot, which had inspired so much terror, became, through the virtues of its new possessor, the sanctuary of peace and beneficence.

How far this popular tradition may be true, is uncertain; but it is interesting, and assuredly founded on some fact. No one calls in question the innumerable crimes committed in these dreary abodes of feudal tyranny. Our guides led us for the space of two hours, through dismal vaults and passages, which served to conceal crimes, and to immure the victims of the lordly despots. They penetrated further than we dared to attempt; but we saw, in the *sombre* distance, the dreary light of their quivering torches appear and disappear alternately. I felt an involuntary sensation of terror, augmented by the remembrance of the cruelties perpetrated on the spot. We were shown a tower, within which Heintz de Stein is said to have caused the workmen who built the castle, and innumerable other victims, to be put to death. The spirit of this execrable monster seemed to me to wander in these subterraneous labyrinths, which we were glad to quit." R.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, January 1820.

EMMA....A TALE.

HUSHED were the tones of mirthful revelry,
Stayed were the music and the dance, as fell
On Croydon's Gothic towers and battlements,
The shades of dreary midnight. In the hall
The hearth's brands were decaying; but a flame
Lambently lighted up the vaulted roof,
And circling walls, where antlers branching wide,
And forehead skins of elk and deer were seen,
And fox's brush; the trophies of the chase;
And warriors' cloaks depending, and the gleam
Of burnished armour.—

In her chamber, one
Sleepless alone remained, where all was still;
Reclining on a couch, and dreaming o'er
The thoughts—the happy scenes of other years;
And with a sweet, seraphic countenance,
Shining in beauty and in solitude,
Like morning's rosy star, when from the sky
Her sisters have in silence disappeared.
Sorrowful Emma! were not thine of yore
Thoughts of unrest, and mournful countenance!
But sparkling eyes, that matched unclouded heaven
In their deep azure; and carnationed cheeks,
Round which the snow-drops like a halo spread;
And an elastic footstep, like the nymph
Health, when in very wantonness of play,
She brushes from the green the dews of morn.

And why, wrapt up in cloak of eider-down,
Chilling thy beauty in the midnight air,
Breathing, in solitude, the deep-drawn sigh,
Con'st thou, unheard of all, the love-born tale,
The tale of hapless lovers, soft and sad;
And why, when all is still, and balmy sleep
Should seal the weary eyelids, dost thou sit

Mournfully beside the lattice, and attend
To the hollow murmurs of the distant sea,
Which fitfully, upon the passing gale
Break in, and die away ?——
The winter's breath
Destroys the bloomy flowers—the ocean tide
Is governed by the moon ; and, for thy grief,
Although unmarked by all, there is a cause !
And she hath laid her down, and silently,
As Retrospection wandered through the past,
Have her chaste eyelids closed ; and, in her dream
Lo ! forests darken round with gloomy boughs,
And wolves are heard to howl ; around her path
The forky lightnings flash : and deeply loud,
The thunders roll amid the blackening skies.—
Anon her steps have gained a precipice
Above the roaring sea, where, waste and wild,
The foamy billows chafe among the rocks—
The rocks whose sable heads, at intervals,
Are seen and disappear. Awfully dark
Night's shadows brood around ; but, in the flash
Of the blue arrowy lightnings, far away
A vessel is descried upon the deep ;
While moaning sounds are heard, and dismal shrieks
O'er the tempestuous billows breaking loud ;
Until its stormy fury vented forth,
And the winds hushed to silence and to rest,
And the bright stars appearing, and the clouds
Breaking away, like armies from the field
When battle's clangor ceases,—she beholds,
Pallid beneath a cliff, the form of him,
Her chosen hero, bleached by wave and wind,
Unconscious of the seamew with a shriek
Hovering around—the victim of the storm !
Anon the vision changes ! armies throng
The arid fields of Palestine afar,
And glittering in the setting sun, she sees
The Moorish crescent over Salem's walls,
The Infidel victorious, and the hosts
Of baffled Christendom dispersed ; she sees
Disasters and defeat the lot of those,
Who, 'neath Godfredo's banner, daring, left
On perilous enterprise their native shore.—
The battle's voice hath ceased ; the trumpet's note
Hath died upon the west-wind ; bird and beast,
From mountain cliff on high, and woody dell,
Lured by the scent of blood, have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
The lofty and the low, commingled, lie
Unbreathing, and the balmy evening gale
Fitfully lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one, who slumbers with his vizor up !
Starting she wakes ! and, o'er the eastern hill,
Lo ! beautiful the radiant morn appears,
And, thro' the lattice, steadily streams in
The flood of crimson light ; while, sitting there
Upon the outward ivy wreath, in joy
Happy the robin sings ; his lucid tones
Of harmony delight her listening ear,
Dispel the gathered sadness of her heart,
And, tell her that her fears are but a dream.
But hark ! why sounded is the warder's horn ?—
Doth danger threaten, or do foes approach ?—
The guard are at their station : and, she hears
The ring of brazen arms, as anxious there
The soldiers, girding on their swords, draw up ;
The bugle's sound of peace is faintly heard,
Mournfully pleasing, in a dying strain,
Melodious—melancholy—far away !
An answer is returned ; heavily down
Sinks the huge drawbridge and the iron tramp
Of steeds is heard fast-crossing. Joy to her,
To long forsaken Emma, joy to her !—
Obscured by tempests dark, and brooding storm,
The sun may wander through the sky unseen
The livelong day ; until, above the tops
Of the steep western mountains, forth he glows,
Glorious, the centre of a crimson flood,
In brightness unapproachable : so oft
The span of human life is measured out :
Sorrow and care, companions of our steps,
Hover around us blotting out the hopes
We long had cherished ; banishing the bliss
We oft have tasted, till our path is dark ;
Then lo ! amid the gloom of hope deferred,
Breaks in a blessed light, a living day,
Like that of polar regions, glowing bright,
Unclouded, and unconscious of an end.—
A group of happy faces throng the hall,
And scarce hath Emma entered, like a flower
Blushing, and beautiful, with downcast eyes,
And palpitating bosom, ere her knight,
Young Ethelrid, from holy wars returned
With laurels on his crest to part no more,
Kneels faithful at her feet in ecstacy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

A VISION.

Κατεσχε με σκοτος δεινον.

I CALL upon thee in the night,
When none alive are near ;
I dream about thee with delight,—
And then thou dost appear
Fair, as the day-star o'er the hill,
When skies are blue, and all is still.

Thou stand'st before me silently,
The spectre of the past ;
The trembling azure of thine eye,
Without a cloud o'ercast ;
Calm as the pure and silent deep,
When winds are hush'd and waves asleep.

Thou gazest on me !—but thy look
Of angel tenderness,
So pierces, that I less can brook
Than if it spoke distress,
Or came in anguish here to me
To tell of evil boding thee !

Around thee robes of snowy white,
With virgin taste are thrown ;
And, at thy breast, a lily bright,
In beauty scarcely blown :—
Calmly thou gazest—like the moon
Upon the leafy woods of June.

The auburn hair is braided soft
Above thy snowy brow :
Why dost thou gaze on me so oft ?
I cannot follow now !
It would be crime, a double death
To follow by forbidden path.

But let me press that hand again,
I oft have pressed in love,

When wandering thro' the grassy plain,
Or summer's evening grove;
Or pausing, as we marked afar,
The twinkling of the evening star.

It is a dream, and thou art gone;
The midnight breezes sigh;
And downcast—sorrowful—alone—
With sinking heart, I lie
To muse on days, when thou to me
Wert more than all on earth can be!

Oh! lonely is the lot of him,
Whose path is on the earth,
And when his thoughts are dark and dim,
Hears only vacant mirth;
A swallow left, when all his kind
Have crossed the seas, and winged the wind.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the Monthly Magazines, Feb. 1820.

DR. JOHNSON.

IN the year 1775, Reynolds painted that portrait of his friend Dr. Johnson, which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to Johnson, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the coutrary, Sir Joshua himself esteemed it as a circumstance in nature to be remarked as characterizing the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait. Of this circumstance Mrs. Thrale says, "I observed he would not be known by posterity for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst:" and when she adverted to Sir Joshua's own picture painted with the ear trumpet, and done in this year for Mr. Thrale, she records Johnson to have answered, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses: but I will not be *blinking Sam* in the eyes of posterity."

GEORGE III.

Among the many anecdotes of his late Majesty, with which the periodical press abounds, we have not seen the following:—The late celebrated mathematical instrument maker, Mr. Ramsden, was frequently deficient in punctuality, and would delay for months, nay, for years, the delivery of instruments bespoken from him. His Majesty, who had more than once experienced this dilatory disposition, once ordered an instrument, which he made Ramsden positively promise to deliver on a certain day. The day, however, came, but not the instrument. At length Ramsden sent word to the king that it was finished; on which a message was sent him, desiring that he would bring it himself to the palace. He however answered that he would not come, unless his Majesty would promise not to be angry with him for his want of punctuality. 'Well, well,' said the king, 'let him come; as he is conscious of his fault, it would be hard to reprove him for it.' On this assurance he went to the palace, where he was graciously received; the king, after expressing his entire satisfaction with the instrument, only adding, goodnaturedly, 'You have been uncommonly punctual this time, Mr. Ramsden, having brought the instrument on the very day of the month you promised it; you have only made a small mistake in the date of the year.' It was, in fact, exactly a year.

MADAME DE STAEL.

Few incidents in the life of any lady, ignorant or literary, are of greater consequence than marriage: it is well known that Madame de Staël kept her second experiment of this nature secret, and that the circumstance gave rise to many surmises, to some scandal, and to endless discussions in all the blue-stocking coteries of Europe. Mad. de Saussure's account of this matter, from her work just from the press, cannot fail to be read with interest; it follows:

"As I am not writing the life of Madame de Staël, I ought to refrain from multiplying narratives, that would give this sketch the appearance of an imperfect biography. Nevertheless, I should reproach myself were I to pass over in silence an event of such importance as her second marriage, and the circumstance of her life, that could not fail to excite most astonishment, obliges me to enter into some particulars.

"A young man, of good family, in-

spired a great deal of interest at Geneva by what was said of his eminent courage, and by the contrast between his age and his tottering walk, his paleness, and the state of weakness to which he was reduced. Some wounds received in Spain, and the effects of which ultimately proved mortal, had brought him to the gates of death, and he remained ill and suffering. A compassionate word or two, addressed to the unfortunate man by Mad. de Staël, had a prodigious effect on him. There was something celestial in her tone of voice. Madame de Tesse said : " If I were a queen, I would have Madame de Staël to talk to me always." This ravishing music renewed the existence of the young man : his head and heart were fired : he set no bounds to his wishes, and immediately formed the greatest projects. " I will love her so," said he at a very early period to one of his friends, " that she will at length marry me." A singular expression, that might be inspired by various motives ; but to which the most uninterrupted devotedness and enthusiasm oblige us to give a favourable interpretation.

" These lofty pretensions were seconded by circumstances. Madame de Staël was extremely unhappy, and weary of being so. Her highly elastic mind had a tendency to resilience, and required but one hope. Thus, at the moment when the bonds of her captivity were drawing more and more close, and gloomy clouds were gathering over her head from all quarters, a new day came to break upon her ; happiness revived as from its ashes in her desolate heart ; and the dream of all her life, matrimonial love, seemed capable of being realized to her. What such an union was, in her eyes, is well known. That pleasantry of hers, which has been quoted, " I will oblige my daughter to marry for love," expressed a serious opinion. The thought of forming such a tie herself had never been altogether a stranger to her mind. In speaking of the asylum, which she hoped one day to find in England, she has sometimes said ; " I feel a want of tenderness, of happiness, and of support ; and, if I find there a noble character, I will make a sacrifice of my liberty." This noble character was found, on a sudden, close by her. No doubt she might have made a more suitable choice ; but the inconvenience of love matches is, that they do not originate from choice.

" It is certain, however, that this union rendered her happy. She had formed a just opinion of the noble mind of M. Rocca. She found in him extreme tenderness, constant admiration, chivalrous sentiments ; and, what always pleased Madame de Staël, language naturally poetic, imagination, even talents, as some writings of his show, graceful pleasantry, a sort of irregular and unexpected wit, which stimulated hers, and gave her life the zest of variety. To these were added profound pity for the sufferings he endured, and apprehensions continually reviving, that kept alive her emotions, & enchained her thoughts.

" She would have done better, no doubt, had she avowed this marriage ; but a degree of timidity, from which the sort of courage she possessed did not emancipate her, and her attachment to the name she had rendered illustrious, having restrained her, her ideas were wholly employed in parrying the difficulties of her situation. Must we say, that it would have been better for her not to have placed herself in that situation ? Must we say, that Madame de Staël is not to be set up as an example in every point ? To this she herself would willingly have assented : this she has said to her children, this she has insinuated in her writings, as much as a proud mind, conscious of its own greatness, would permit. She was a phenomenon, single in its kind, upon earth. With her we forget the conditions of our nature ; we forget, that society, being arranged for the mean of human faculties, prodigious gifts are discordant to the organization of life. It would have been something still more extraordinary than Madame de Staël, if nothing had been extraordinary in her but genius, if an interior existence of such activity, the actual source of her talents, had manifested itself by her talents alone.

" The happy improvidence of her character was of great service to her in the course of this union. After severe alarms for the health of M. Rocca, she quietly resumed the belief, that his life

was not in danger, and that his sufferings were merely casual. Nothing remained of her uneasiness but a constant attention, remarkable in a person of such vivacity, to the cares necessary for his preservation. All her great intellect was employed to serve him. But who can express what she suffered in critical moments? At Pisa, where he was near dying, she compared herself to Marshal Ney, who was then expecting his sentence every hour. Endued with talents, that preserved her from no sorrow, and augmented all she felt, she has since said, that she would write a book, the title of which should be, 'One sole unhappiness in life, the loss of a beloved object.'

"This unhappiness was destined to be that of the young and unfortunate Rocca. That life so threatened, that frail reed, which had served for a moment as a support to an existence apparently so strong, was still less frail than that existence itself. However, he did not long survive her. Sorrow and carelessness of life, soon put an end to his short existence. He repaired to the fine climate of Provence, to breathe his last, and expired in the arms of a brother."

"One of Bonaparte's ministers having desired her to be told, that the emperor would reward her if she would attach herself to him, she answered, 'I was aware that a certificate of being alive is necessary to the receipt of an annuity, but I did not know that it required a declaration of love.'*

"From her earliest youth she had acquired a habit of suffering interruption cheerfully. As M. Necker had forbidden his wife to write, lest he should be embarrassed by the idea of incommoding her on entering her apartment, Mademoiselle Necker, who did not wish to draw upon herself such a prohibition, had accustomed herself to write as it were flying; so that seeing her always standing or leaning on a corner of the mantle-piece, her father could never suppose that he was interrupting her in any serious employment. To such a degree did she respect this little foible of M. Necker, that she had not the slightest accommodation for writing in her apartment till long after she had lost him. At last, when Corinna had made a great noise in foreign countries, she said to me, 'I have a great desire to have a large table; I think I have a right to one now.'" * * *

"There were few moments of her life when she totally gave up labour. Her faculties most commonly predominated over her grief: and, as what she wrote always bore some relation to her sorrows, she could still write, when reading was insufficient to call off her thoughts from them. 'I comprehend nothing of what I read,' she said, 'and so I am obliged to write.'

"But if her mind loved to form literary schemes, on the other hand it very quickly lost sight of her old productions. 'When a work is once printed,' said she, 'I trouble myself about it no farther; it makes its own way as well as it can.' Except *Delphine*, which she reviewed carefully, because she had been censured on the score of the moral effect of this novel, I do not think that she ever read over one of her own books, she even thought of them so little that she forgot them all in succession. When an expression in them was quoted to her, she was astonished and said: "Did I indeed write that? I am quite charmed with it; it is excellently well expressed." Two of her friends, in concert, once remodelled her chapter on love, in *The*

* Our readers need not be told that there are always two sides of a story; that even angels have their detractors, and devils their admirers. It is but fair, therefore, from the excess of our stores respecting Madame de Stael, to draw out a little sketch on the contra page of the ledger, which her biographer, of course, has not noticed.

The following particulars are related at Paris by the Buonapartists. "During the first campaigns in Italy, where Napoleon established his reputation, Madame de Stael often wrote long letters to him, and was not sparing in praises; her expressions breathed the most glowing enthusiasm. In the high flight of her mind she assured the General, with a bold and delicate turn, *that they were created for each other*. She even once touched upon matrimony; and hinted that she thought that there might be cases in which a union accidentally formed, might be dissolved. Buonaparte never returned any answer to these letters. After his return from the Italian campaigns, at the great fetes which the government gave to him, Madame de Stael was unwearied in her attendance on Buonaparte. He always treated her with great coolness. Once she turned to him and said: 'It is reported that you don't love women?' 'Pardon me,' replied he, 'I love my wife tenderly.'

"Another time she asked him, 'What woman, from the most ancient times to the present, he considered as the greatest?' 'That woman,' replied he, 'who has had the most children.' Upon this she quietly turned away from him, but even in the sequel, did not give over her exertions to ingratiate herself in his favour. She endeavoured to obtain the situation of *Dame du Palais* to the Empress Maria Louisa, but without success."——*Ed.*

Influence of the Passions, substituting divine in the room of terrestrial, love. When they read this piece to her she listened to the end with the utmost attention, quite enchanted, and eager to learn the name of the author."

This is a very natural statement. We believe that most persons who have written much will recognize its truth. The almost absolute oblivion of ideas, consigned from the mind to paper, and the forgetfulness of important transactions in other relations of life united therewith, would form a curious subject of philosophical inquiry to any literary man. But to return to Mad. de Staël.

"She was very patient under the seizure of her work on *Germany*; and when she was told that General Savary had sent the edition to the mill, in order to be converted into pasteboard, 'I wish, at least,' she answered, 'that he would send me the paste-board for my bonnets.'

"She was conscious of her superiority, and has sometimes said of an author mentioned to her, 'He is not my equal; and if ever we enter into a contest, he will come out of it limping.' When yet very young, and at a time when she had rather a presentiment than any proof of her strength, I have heard her carry her hopes so high that I have much doubted her ever realizing them. Her auditors might sometimes be astonished at certain phrases, not often used, which she uttered with the greatest simplicity: 'With all the understanding I possess, with my talents, my reputation,' &c. She frequently repeated to her friends the praises she received in letters, but there was an extreme good nature in her self-love. It was not always present; and when it was, it said frankly, 'Here I am.'" * * * * *

"Once she was asked what book she would choose, if she were confined to the possession of one. After excepting the Bible, and the *Course of Religious Morals* of her father, she said, that for the sake of thought she would take Bacon, as the author who seemed to her most inexhaustible.

"Works of imagination transported her beyond conception. In this respect she had impressions of extraordinary vivacity; and when she made any discovery of this kind, she spoke of it incessantly. She could not avoid giving her friends the passages to read that had struck her, and joy was quite an event in her circle. René, the episode of Velleda, in the *Martyrs*; the scene of the burial, in the *Antiquary*; and the first poems of Lord Byron; gave her inexpressible emotion, and for a time renewed her existence."

"Death, morally considered, gave her no alarm. She preserved so much tranquillity, as to wish to dictate to Mr. Schlegel the description of what she felt. Her thoughts were always turned with hope towards her father, and towards immortality. 'My father waits for me on the other shore,' she said. She beheld her father with God, and in God himself could see nothing but a father. These two ideas were confounded in her heart; and that of a protecting goodness was inseparable from both. One day, rousing from a state of reverie, she said: 'I think I know what the transition from life to death is; and I am sure, that the goodness of God softens it to us. Our ideas become confused, and the pain is not very acute.'

POWER OF ICE.

From the European Magazine, January 1820.

Sir,

A FEW days ago, by mere accident, I met with the following very curious account of the force of ice.

Huyghens, in order to try the force with which ice would expand itself when confined, filled a cannon, the sides of which were an inch thick with water, and then closed the mouth and touch-hole, so that none could escape. The instrument thus filled, was exposed to a strong freezing air. In less than twelve hours the ice within was frozen, and began to dilate itself with such force, that it actually burst the piece in

two different places. Mathematicians have calculated the force of the ice upon this occasion: such a force, they say, would raise a weight of 27,720 pounds. From hence, therefore, we need not be surprised at the effects of ice destroying the substance of vegetables, trees, and even splitting rocks, when the frost is carried to excess.

Freezing is carried on much more expeditiously when the water is at rest, than when in motion. It is easy to assign the cause of this; as the ice is carried from one surface to another by filaments, the current is still destroying them as soon as formed; and it would be as difficult for a spider's web to be formed while the wind was breaking and blowing the threads that formed it, as it is for the frost to send forth its filaments in the proper order for the general congelation of a river. In very great frosts, however, rivers themselves are frozen. I have seen the Rhine frozen at one of its most precipitate cataracts, and the ice standing in glassy columns like a forest of large trees the branches of which have been newly lopped away.

In general, the ice of northern regions is much harder than that of the more southern climates, and, though it contains more air, yet its contexture is much stronger by reason of the greater degree of cold by which it is congealed. The ice of Spitsbergen, and the Greenland seas, is so hard, that it is very difficult to break it with a hammer. In our own climate, we may in general form a very just conjecture concerning the duration of frost by the hardness of the ice. If in the beginning of the frost the ice is more hard and resisting than it usually is, the frost will continue long in proportion. A machine might, with a little ingenuity, be made, that would discover this hardness with sufficient precision. During the hard frost of 1740, a palace of ice was built at Petersburg after the most elegant model, and the justest proportions of Augustan architecture. It was fifty-two feet long, sixteen broad, and twenty feet high. The materials were quarried from the surface of the river Neva, and the whole stood glistening against the sun with a brilliancy almost equal to its own. To increase the wonder, six cannons of ice, two bombs and mortars, all of the same materials, were planted before this extraordinary edifice. The cannon were three pounders; they were charged with gun-powder, and fired off; the ball of one of them pierced an oak plank at sixty paces distance, and two inches thick, nor did the piece burst with the explosion.

However strange and unaccountable the building a palace with ice may appear, yet on reference to *Guthrie's Geographical Grammar*, I there find it recorded, that this edifice of ice was built on the bank of the river Neva, by order of Anne, Empress of Russia, constructed of huge squares of ice hewn in the manner of freestone; that the walls of the building were three feet thick, and in the several apartments there were tables, chairs, beds, and all kinds of household furniture made with ice. In front of the palace there were also pyramids and statues, which at the illumination of the icepalace at night had an astonishingly grand effect.

The late frost produced quite a phenomenon at the back of the Cold-Bath-fields' prison, where the New-River Water Company's leading iron pipes cross the Fleet Ditch. The pipes not having been properly cemented, or the cement having worn away, the water had spouted up high in the air; and when the very severe weather was, it commenced freezing, and continued to freeze, till a large cascade or fountain of ice was actually formed, as white as snow, and about ten feet above the pipe, and reaching in large icicles, concocted together, nearly to the water in the ditch below. The bank was covered with a thick coat of ice from the spray which blew from the waterfall. The circumference of the frozen pile could not be less than eight or ten feet, at half that height from the pipe. At a distance, it was not possible to distinguish it from water spouting and falling down; and when close to it, the ice looked so clear and beautiful, and the rarity of such an object being considered, made every one behold it with wonder and admiration.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

A WRITER, of characteristics differing altogether in point of genius and pretensions from Scott, lays claim to notice as engrossing a large share of the poetical attention of the 19th century. It must be owned that the lucubrations of CRABBE entitle him to no subordinate rank among the Poets of his day. His happy talent at description, the occasional justness of his sentiments, and the general ease, beauty, and harmony of his flow of numbers, must be appreciated by every reader of discernment. A parallel has been drawn by a writer of the present day, between Lord Byron and Danté—the parallel is not ill-imagined. The mind teeming with a constant flow of original creations, and rising occasionally to fine and delicate sentiment, involves more than an occasional resemblance between them—it must render it powerfully striking to the intelligent reader. A resemblance, it may be said, not indeed in matter, but in style and manner, may as obviously be traced between Crabbe and Pope. Correct and harmonious in his numbers, the agreeable collocation and full flow and measure of phrases which characterizes the former, must immediately recal to the imagination of the classical reader the polished and elaborate diction of the Augustan Bard of England. If here the parallel ceases, if in lieu of the energy of thought and refined sentiments which accompany the latter, the mind is often offended with the coarseness of the scenes which the former has shewn, such an unaccountable pruriency in selecting, as the vehicle at once for the exercise of his powers and the inculcation of moral sentiments, this will rather excite the wonder of a future age at his vicious taste, than proclaim his want of Poetical capacity. When we take up Crabbe for amusement, or the anticipation of some higher pleasure, we feel that, if he is capable of imparting the one,—to a student who has been nurtured and trained amidst the noble, manly, and expansive images and sentiments with which certain Poets of other days abound,—which has marked at once the pathos, delicacy, and justness of their thoughts,—soared with them to regions of unbounded speculation, or melted into tenderness at scenes of ineffable beauty,—he is utterly incapable of affording the other. His genius paints the *minute* in nature with considerable accuracy, and often with force, but higher than that he seldom rises;—while the local, subordinate, often the humiliating features of his narratives impart a certain tone of homeliness and sterility of conception which sears the breast to the influence of the finer passions. There are many readers who can appreciate the beauty of Crabbe's descriptions in the physical world, who remain indifferent to all his appeals in the moral; one reason of which may be, that in the former we feel that topics of his discourse are partly those of Poetical delineation; but that, in the latter, they are forced into a medium for which nature never designed them. This, however, does not prevent the peculiar sphere of moral painting which he has struck out from affording scope for the exercise of contemplation; contemplations, it must be said, which, while they exhibit forcible specimens of his power as a writer, do honour to his feelings as a man.

Gent. Mag.

FINE ARTS.

Extracted from the New Monthly Magazine, January 1820.

"THE Battle of Hastings," thirty-one feet six inches wide, and seventeen feet six inches high, painted by Mr. Wilkins, jun., and now exhibited at the Great Room, in Spring Gardens.

The reputation which this young artist had obtained by his copies in water colours, from the old masters, would probably have contented other painters, and prevented their aiming at excellence in a higher department. But knowing that no country ever rose to fame in the fine arts *by copying*, and that the habit of implicitly following the works of others, chills the powers of invention and fancy, we are happy to see in this arduous effort, that this gentleman is determined to

leave no honourable exertion untried to render himself deserving of public patronage as an historical painter. We have been assured of the fact that Sir Godfrey Webster had the public spirit to give Mr. Wilkins a commission to paint this picture for his grand hall, at Battle Abbey.

Mr. Wilkins, instead of a general representation of the battle, has judiciously chosen the decisive moment, when William, without knowing the cause of their confusion, on seeing the Saxons dispirited by the fall of Harold, made a charge upon them at the head of his principal knights and followers. This brought him to the spot where the dead monarch is held up to his view by two Normans. The Conqueror is represented in the act of checking his noble white horse; in the surprise of the moment his sword has fallen from his hand; and his eye is bent upon the accomplishment of his hopes. The artist has successfully (here follow his own words from his printed description,) "attempted to express the sensation he feels at suddenly finding the consummation of his wishes burst upon him: the crown of England within his grasp, and Harold sleeping in death at his feet." One of the Normans is holding up to William's view the arrow with which Harold was slain; and another is presenting to him the king's helmet, encircled according to the Saxon fashion with a royal crown. William's half brother, Odo, the celebrated Bishop of Bayeux, has curbed his horse on the left side of the Conqueror, and eyes him with a look of exultation. Tostain, bearing the consecrated banner, rides beside Odo; and behind him are a group of Normans crowding to partake in the triumph of the day. Count Eustace in a suit of "*tegulated* armour," and mounted on a dun horse, is conspicuous among the Normans who immediatoly follow William. A Norman trumpeter, on a dark brown horse, boldly fore-shortened, sounds the blast of victory. The wounded, dying, and dead of both nations, are promiscuously strewed on the fore-ground: among these are Tallefer, a Norman, who commenced the battle by slaying two Englishmen; and was killed by a third. Gurth, Harold's brother, resting his forehead upon his hand, in a state of insensibility, is among the wounded in the left corner of the fore-ground. Our restricted limits forbid our doing justice, *at present*, to the detailed excellence in *invention*, *composition*, *effect*, and *historical character* of this interesting picture, which reflects so much honour on the independent public spirit of Sir Godfrey Webster, and on the genius of the artist. We have not even room to notice a few defective particulars, which are of a class to be expected in so extensive a composition, undertaken as a first essay. But we trust that the public will do justice to its merits, and we earnestly recommend an inspection of it to every person curious in early British history, and to every real friend of the British school.

As long and warm advocates for British historical painting, we rejoice in the public sensation already produced by the exhibition of this noble effort of genius. We hail this strong feeling as a proof of the progress of good taste in this country.

POISONING OF FOOD.

From the Literary Gazette.

A TREATISE ON ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD, AND CULINARY POISONS; EXHIBITING THE FRAUDULENT SOPHISTICATIONS OF BREAD, BEER, WINE, SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS, TEA, COFFEE, CHEESE, PEPPER, MUSTARD, &c. &c. &c. BY FREDERICK ACCUM. *London* 1820.

AS we may safely prognosticate that this volume will soon be as widely diffused as its curious and vitally important character merits, we seize the earliest opportunity of making it known to our readers, since in a very few weeks the original would supersede, in every hand, our claim to novelty. We have heard at various times of this and that fraud, in the substitution of spurious and often deleterious articles for the necessaries of life; but never could we conceive so frightful a picture of imposition and villainy as thus bringing the poisoning ingredients into one point of view presents. One has laughed at the whimsical description of these cheats in Humphrey Clinker, but it is really impossible to laugh at Mr. Accum's exposition. It is too serious for a joke to see that in almost every thing which we eat or drink, we are condemned to swallow swindling if not poison—that all the items of metropolitan and many of country consumption, are deteriorated, deprived of nutritious properties, or rendered obnoxious to humanity by the vile arts and merciless sophistications of their sellers. So general seems the corruption, and so fatal the tendency of the corrupting materials, that we can no longer wonder at the prevalence of painful disorders, and the briefness of existence (on an average) in spite of the great increase of medical knowledge, and the amazing improvement in the healing science, which distinguish our era. No skill can prevent the effects of daily poisoning; and no man can prolong his life beyond a short

standard, where every meal ought to have its counteracting medicine. Had Shakspeare written now, in London, he surely would have altered the exclamation of Jaques,—for to be german to the matter, he should say :—

"As I do *die* by food," &c.

In short, Mr. Accum acts the part of Dionysius with us ; only the horse-hair by which he suspends the sword over our heads allows the point gradually to enter the flesh, and we do not escape, like Damocles, with the simple fright : yet it is but justice to acknowledge, that in almost every case he furnishes us with tests whereby we can ascertain the nature of our danger ; and no man could do more towards enabling us to mitigate or escape from it.

Advising our readers to abstain from perusing the annexed synopsis till after they have dined, that they may have one more meal in comfort ere they die, we proceed to the various heads under which the author ranges his dread array.

Of all the frauds (says he in his preliminary observations) practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessaries or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the United Kingdom.

It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion ; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skilfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

Among the number of substances used in domestic economy which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished ---tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine, spirituous liquors, salad oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state ; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

Some of these spurious compounds are comparatively harmless when used as food ; and as in these cases merely substances of inferior value are substituted for more costly and genuine ingredients, the sophistication. though it may affect our purse, does not injure our health. Of this kind are the manufacture of factitious pepper, the adulterations of mustard, vinegar, cream, &c. Others, however, are highly deleterious ; and to this class belong the adulterations of beer, wines, spirituous liquors, pickles, salad oil, and many others.

There are particular chemists who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale ; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant ; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade ; they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art and mystery* ; for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substance, which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to ensure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establismments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and is entrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *coculus indicus*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt-liquors to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ales, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the coculus indicus in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff black tenacious mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economise both malt and hops, is technically called *multum*.

The quantities of coculus indicus berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous.

An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of coculus indicus berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice. * *

During the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers articles ab-

solutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless; and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined. * *

The baker (he continues) asserts that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware that, in purchaing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp whites* (a term given to flour contamninated with a quantity of alum,) without which it would be impossible for him to produce light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists whose sole business is to crystallise alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceding prevails.

The practice of sophisticating the necessaries of life, being reduced to systematic regularity, is ranked by public opinion among other mercantile pursuits; and is not only regarded with less disgust than formerly, but is almost generally esteemed as a justifiable way to wealth.

It is really astonishing that the penal law is not more effectually enforced against practices so inimical to the public welfare. The man who robs a fellow subject of a few shillings on the high-way, is sentenced to death; while he who distributes a slow poison to a whole community, escapes unpunished.

Concluded in our next.

VARIETIES.

From the London Magazines, January and February, 1820.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

GAY wrote his well-known ballad of "Black-eyed Susan" upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a bosom-friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. During a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening? and was told, Hamlet. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in *Ophelia*. The recollection struck her; and, with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the Theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state; she then pushed on the stage before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness, than the utmost exertions of the mimic art could effect; she was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and a few days after,

"Like a lily drooping, she hung her head, and died."

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.

A silly book, called "A Narraive of the Visible Hand of God upon the Papists, by the Downfall in Black Friars, London, Anno Christi 1623," contains the following curious details: "On the Lord's day, October the twenty-sixth, according to the English account, but November the fifth, according to the Popish account, went far and near, that one Drury, a Romish priest, (a man of parts and eminent gifts,) would preach that day in the afternoon in a fair house in Black-Friers, London, whither all that would might freely come and hear him. Upon this report, very many Protestants, as well as Papists, schollars, as well as others, assembled thither about three a clock in the afternoon. That mansion-house was now inhabited by the French ambassador; and the sermon was to be in a garret, into which there were two passages, one out of the ambassador's withdrawing-room, which was private, the other more common, without the great gate of the said mansion-house. Under this garret was another large chamber, which one Rediate, another Romish priest, had hired for himself, unto whom Papists frequently repaired to hear mass, and make confessions. More came to this place than possibly it could hold; so that many, for want of room returned back again: others went into the aforesaid Redyates cham-

ber, and tarried with him. The whole garret, rooms adjoining, door, and top of the stairs, were as full as they could hold. In the garret were set chairs and stools for the better sort: most of the women sate on the floor, but most of the men stood thronged together: in all, about 200 were there assembled. In the midst was a table and a chair for the preacher. When the preacher had discoursed about half an hour, on a sudden the floor whereon the preacher and the greatest part of his auditory were, fell down with such violence, as therewith the floor of the chamber under it, where Redyate and his company were, was broken down with it, so that both the floors, with the beams, girders, joyces, boards, and seelings, with all the people on them, fell down together upon the third floor, which was the floor of the French ambassador's withdrawing-chamber, supported with strong arches. Amongst those that fell, many escaped; for some of the timber rested with one end on the walls, and with the other on the third floor, that yeelded not; and so both such as abode on those pieces, and such as were directly under them, were thereby preserved. Others there were that were pulled out alive, but so bruised, or so spent for want of breath, that some lived not many hours, others died not many days after. The floor of the chamber immediately over this, where the corps lay, being fallen, there was no entrance into it, but through the ambassador's bed-chamber, the door whereof was closed up with the timber of the floors that fell down; and the walls of this room were of stone, only there was one window in it, with extraordinary strong cross bars of iron, so that though smiths and other workmen were immediately sent for, yet it was more than an hour before succour culd be afforded to them that were fallen down. Passage at length being made, I had access into the room, (saith Dr. Gouge, the relater of this story,) and viewing the bodies, observed some (yet but few) to be mortally wounded, or crushed by the timber: others to be apparently stifled, partly with their thick lying one upon another, and partly with the dust that came from the seeling which fell down. On the Lord's day, at night, when they fell; they were numbered ninety-one dead bodies: but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs, leading from the garden appertaining to the house, into the Thames. On the morrow, the coroner and his inquest coming to view the bodies, found remaining but sixty-three.

THE MOVING MOUNTAIN.

Accounts from Namur say, that the Moving Mountain has made terrible progress during the night from the 30th to the 31st of January. It has advanced more than six feet; the communication between that city and Dinant, which is the great road to Paris, is shut up; people must now go by way of La Plante, along the Meuse, and in case the waters should rise as they did last month, the passage would be impossible. The house of Mr. Stapleaux is cracked by the pressure of the earth, and that of Mr. Dutilleux is threatened by the neighbourhood of a mass which is sixty feet higher than the roof.

A WHITE FEMALE, PART OF WHOSE SKIN RESEMBLES THAT OF A NEGRO.

Hannah West was born of English parents, in a village in Sussex, in 1791. Her parents had nothing peculiar. Her mother is still alive, and has black hair, hazel eyes, and fair skin, without any mark. Hannah was her only child by her first husband; but her mother has had eleven children by a second marriage, all without any blackness of the skin. The young woman is rather above the middle size, of full habit, and has always enjoyed good health. Her hair is light-brown, and very soft; her eyes faint blue; her nose prominent, and a little aqueline; her lips thin; the skin of her face, neck, and right hand, very fair. In every respect, indeed, she is very unlike a negro; it is, consequently, very singular, that the whole of her left shoulder, arm, forearm, and hand, should be of the genuine negro colour, except a small stripe of white skin, about two inches broad,

which commences a little below the elbow, and runs up to the arm-pit, joining the white skin of the trunk of the body.

CONVEYANCE OF SOUND.

The following curious and highly important fact connected with the physiology of the ear, has lately been published by Mr. Swan, of Lincoln. When the ears are stopped, and a watch is brought in contact with any part of the head, face, teeth, or neck; or if a stick, water, &c. be interposed between any of these parts and the watch, the sound will be heard as well as when the ears are open.

It is extremely probable that this ingenious suggestion if attended to by the faculty, and aided by proper instruments to increase the effect of sound, would be found of considerable importance to those suffering under temporary deafness; but it must be observed that where the disease is in the nerve, no good can be derived from it.

PEAK SCENERY OF DERBYSHIRE.

PART II.*

"While I was in the dale below, contemplating the steep acclivity of Topley Pike, I was startled from my reverie by the sound of a coachman's horn, which came gently upon the ear, when I was least prepared to expect such a greeting. Shortly a stage-coach appeared, which seemed actually to issue from the clouds, and I observed it pass rapidly along the side of the hill, where the eye could scarcely discern the trace of a road, and where to all appearance a human foot could with difficulty find a resting-place. Had I supposed this vehicle to have contained in it beings like myself, I might have shuddered with apprehension, but the coach, from its great height above me, looked so like a child's toy, and the sound of the horn was so soft and unobtrusive—so unlike the loud blast of a stage-coachman's bugle—and altogether the place was so unfitted for the intrusion of such an object, that it appeared more like a fairy scene, or a picture of imagination, than any thing real and substantial."

* For a notice of the first part of this work, see Ath. Vol. 5, p. 387.

The feelings here are naturally expressed; and by reversing the picture, a very different order might be indulged. We have looked *from* the height of a mountain down upon the grandest procession of pomp and royalty; and it is not in language to denote how mean and trifling the little puppet-shew looked when thus connected with the stupendous glories of the surrounding scenery.

EPITAPHS.

At Bakewell there is an ancient ruin in the Church-yard; but its modern tombs afford us more curious matter.

"On a black marble tablet, which is inserted on a grave-stone near the east end of the church, there is the following inscription to the memory of a child aged two years and eight months. As a specimen of country church-yard poetry it has a claim to more than common consideration.

"Reader! beneath this marble lies
The sacred dust of Innocence;
Two years he blest his parents' eyes,
The third an angel took him hence;
The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,
Complaisance sweet and manners mild,
And all that pleases in the young,
Were all united in this child.
Wouldst thou his happier state explore?
To thee the bliss is freely given;
Go, gentle reader! sin no more,
And thou shalt see this flower in heaven."

"Near the same place, on the contrary side of the pathway, there is an epitaph of a different character, in which the writer has eulogised the very extraordinary vocal powers of the parish-clerk. Some of the rhymes are managed with a Hudibrastic felicity, and on reading the inscription I was induced to give it a place in my note-book. This person's name was Roe; his father filled the situation of parish clerk before him, and if his grave-stone flatters not, with equal ability, it tells us in humble prose, that "the natural powers of his voice in clearness, strength, and sweetness, were altogether unequalled;" a commendation which is reiterated in verse on the neighbouring tomb-stone.

"The vocal powers here let us mark,
Of Phillip, our late parish-clerk,
In church none never heard a layman
With a clearer voice say "*Amen!*"
Who now with hallelujahs sound,
Like him can make the roofs rebound?
The choir lament his choral tones,
The town so soon here lie his bones."

JOHN DALE AND HIS WIVES.

At the end of the same church, on a table monument, another inscription occurs still more amusing, if I may be permitted to use a phrase so little in harmony with those feelings which generally accompany a contemplation of the last resting-place of those who have gone before us to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." An old man and his *two wives* occupy this tomb, where undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they sleep together lovingly, so says the legend which nearly covers one side of the tomb—

"Know, posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of Grace 1757, the rambling remains of the abovesaid John Dale were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage laid upon his two wives.

"This thing in life might cause some jealousy,
Here all three sleep together lovingly,
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilsome lives;
The goodman's quiet—*still* are both his *wives*."

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S MATERIALS FOR THE 'MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.'

We shall now conclude with a brief allusion to Haddon Hall, which it seems might have served for the study of Cedric's residence in Ivanhoe.

"The gallery which occupies nearly the whole of the south part of Haddon, is a noble apartment: its style of architecture fixes the date of its erection in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign this venerable structure passed from the Vernons into the possession of Sir John Manners, who was the second son of the first Earl of Rutland. In the windows of the gallery are the arms of both families in stained glass, and the boar's head and the peacock, their respective crests, liberally ornament this part of the house. This room is one hundred and ten feet long and seventeen wide, and the whole of the floor is said to have been cut out of one oak tree, which grew in the park. In the dining hall there is an elevated platform, a general construction in ancient halls, which is still retained in many colleges, wherein the high table is placed, at which the lord of the mansion presided at the head of his household and his guests. A gallery, which on festive occasions was appropriated to mirth and minstrelsy, occupies two sides of this apartment. On the wainscot, near the principal entrance, we observed an iron fastening of a peculiar structure, which was large enough to admit the wrist of a man's hand, and which we were informed had been placed there for the purpose of punishing trivial offences.

"It had likewise another use, and served to enforce the laws and regulations adopted among the servants of this establishment. The man who refused duly to take his horn of ale, or neglected to perform the duties of his office, had his hand locked to the wainscot somewhat higher than his head, by this iron fastening, when cold water was poured down the sleeve of his doublet as a punishment for his offence. One of the old servants of the family, who attended upon strangers when I first visited Haddon, when pointing out the uses to which this curious relique of former times was applied, facetiously remarked, 'that it grew rusty for want of use.'

"Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those awful pictures which she so much delighted to pourtray: some of the most gloomy scenery of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" was studied within the walls of this ancient structure."

STAG COMEDIAN.

Cerf Acteon.—A stag, to which the name of Acteon has been given, has made his debût at Franconi's Circus in Paris. He performs the same feats as a well-managed horse; beats time in the midst of fire-works, &c. This spectacle attracts crowds to the *Cirque*; curious to see so timid an animal taught the bearing of the most courageous.

Longevity.—Etienne Delametairie, born blind, died lately in the hospital at Bourges, aged 103 years and 18 days. For more than a century he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed for sixty years in turning a grindstone.

CONVERSION OF RAGS INTO SUGAR.

Dr. Vogel, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has submitted to a careful examination in the laboratory of the Academy of Munich, the surprising discovery of of Mr. Braconnot of Nancy, of the effects of concentrated sulphuric acid on wood and linen. He has not only fully confirmed this discovery, so as to lay before the Academy an essay on the subject, and show the products resulting from the original experiments, but also extended his own experiments, with equal success, to other similar vegetable substances, such as old paper, both printed and written upon, and cut straw. By diluting the sulphuric acid with a due addition of sawdust, cut linen, paper, &c. were converted into gum and saccharine matter. It must excite great interest in all reflecting minds, to see an indissoluble, tasteless substance, like the filaments of wood, converted, by chemical re-action, into two new bodies, and chemistry thus exercise a power, which, but lately appeared to belong to nature alone, and in particular to vegetation. For this artificial formation of sugar and gum, now discovered, must not be confounded with the extraction of these two substances from bodies in which they already existed, a process which has been known from time immemorial. What has now been discovered, *is a transformation, a metamorphosis*, of which the most ingenious chemist had previously no idea; and it affords a new proof of the boundless extent of the domain of practical chemistry. A paper upon Dr. Vogel's repetition and investigation of Mr. Braconnot's experiments, and those added by himself, is promised in one of the next numbers of the Journal of Arts and Manufactures, published by the Bavarian Polytechnic Society. *Munich, Jan.* 1820.

NEW THEORY OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

A curious commentary, or rather an attack, upon the received system of the planetary motions, has recently been published, in a small pamphlet, by Captain Burney, which is likely to excite the attention of the scientific world, and may lead to the discovery of very unexpected astronomical facts. The author deduces the motion of the whole of our system from the progressive motion of the sun itself; a quality which, he says must be equally possessed by all the heavenly bodies, resulting from the universally acknowledged laws of gravitation. He argues, *a priori*, that from progressive motion rotation is produced, and, *a posteriori*, that a body in free space, having rotation round its own axis, is a clear indication of its being in progressive movement. This he corroborates by the general belief now entertained that our sun and planets are advancing towards the constellation Hercules. The opinion that the sun has progressive motion was not entertained long after its rotatory motion was discovered. Captain B. states his conviction, that if from the discovery of the sun's rotation and the acknowledged universality of gravity, its progression had been inferred, when Kepler first suggested that the planets moved round the sun by means of its atmosphere, the system of this philosopher would have obtained immediate and lasting credit, and that the hypothesis of these bodies being continued in motion by an original *projectile* impulse would not have been resorted to in accounting for the phenomena of their motions.

NEW METHOD OF CURING DEAFNESS.

Important Invention in Acoustics.---It may be justly remarked in regard to all the sciences that industry and ingenuity are now approaching their height in rendering their application successful for the use of society. The only neglected branch of surgery which remained some time ago nearly untouched, is that which regards the ear and its operations. Mr. Curtis, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has, by taking up this branch exclusively, placed it on the same footing as the other divisions of surgical science, by instituting as a school of practice the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, where he has an extensive field for attempting every mode of improvement in the treatment of deafness, which either experience or analogy can point out. It is on this principle he has made a valuable improvement on an instrument used by the Sieur Gengot of Versailles, as described by Gaungeot, for injecting liquids into the eustachian tube, from the back part of the mouth, in cases of deafness of long standing. The use of it produces no pain, and supersedes the necessity of puncturing the tympanum.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

Two English gentlemen, some time since, visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army. A sensible countryman pointed out to them the positions of the hostile nations---the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentlemen on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece. "Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money, "keep your crown-piece, the English hae paid dear aneugh already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."

One of Plato's Infants.---A Professor of Natural History, at Wetteran, reared and kept for three years *a canary bird without feathers*. It has been held that no bird could exist in that state.

An infamous transaction lately took place in Dublin. A person named Smyth, seventy years of age, who had been twelve years churchwarden of the parish of St. Michan, Dublin, has lately been convicted of a robbery of the most atrocious description. After a charity sermon, while employed with others in the vestry-room, counting the contributions, he was seen to pass bank-notes at various times from one hand to the other, squeeze them into a small compass, and then put them into his pocket. He was searched, and from 20*l.* to 30*l.* found on him; his defence was, that he was in a state of insanity at the time. He has been transported for seven years.

The ancient Danes were distinguished for their contempt of death; and this is well put by one of their writers, describing the close of a hero's life in few words,—"Agner fell, laughed, and died."

POETRY.

From the London Monthly Magazines.

TO HESPER.

THE EVENING LIGHT OF LOVE.

By Barry Cornwall.

HOW sweet it is to see that courier star
(Which like the spirit of the twilight shines)
Come stealing up the broad blue heaven afar,
Silvering the dark tops of the distant pines,
Until his mistress in her brighter car
Enters the sky, and then his light declines;
But sweetest when in lonely spots we see
The gentle, watchful, amorous deity.

He comes more lovely than the Hours; his look
Sheds calm refreshing light, and eyes that burn
With glancing at the sun's so radiant book,
Unto his softer page with pleasure turn;
'Tis like the murmur of some shaded brook,
Or the soft welling of a Naiad's urn,
After the sounding of the vast sea-waves,
'Tis after jealous fears the faith that saves.

Then bashful boys stammer their faint fond vows;
Then like a whisper music seems to float
Around us: then from out the thicket boughs
Cometh the nightingale's so tender note,
And then the young girl listens, and allows
(Mov'd by the witching of the sweet bird's throat)
To passion its first kiss.

SONG.

THOU shalt sing to me
When the waves are sleeping,
And the wings are creeping
Round the embowering chesnut tree.

Thou shalt sing by night,
When no birds are calling,
And the stars are falling
Brightly from their mansions bright.

Of those thy song shall tell
From whom we've never parted,
The young, the tender-hearted,
The gay, and all who loved us well.

But we'll not profane
Such a gentle hour
Nor our favourite bower,
With a thought that tastes of pain.

DUET.

From "Ivanhoe."

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

ANNE-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anne-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anne-Marie.
Anne-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blythe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree;
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anne-Marie.

WAMBA.

Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit,
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures in slumber I prove,—
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

SONG.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

KNIGHT.

THERE came three merry men from south, west and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the widow of Wycomb forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay!

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There never was a widow could say him nay.

FUNERAL HYMN BY THE MONKS.

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant path resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her mind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hast flown,
To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be!
Till prayers and alms,
And Holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the Monthly Magazines, February 1820.

Tales of the Heart, are printing, from the ingenious pen of Mrs. Opie, in three volumes.

The concluding volume of Dr. Clarke's Northern Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia, with a description of the city of St. Petersburgh during the tyranny of the emperor Paul, will soon be published.

A second Series of Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, are in preparation, comprising an account of the present state of men and manners in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in other three volumes, octavo.

Speedily will be published, a volume called the Canadian Settler, being a series of letters from Lower and Upper Canada, in June, July, and August, 1819, by T. CARR.

The next Number of the Journal of New Voyages and Travels will consist of Travels in Lower Canada, in 1817, by J. Sansom, esq. of New-York.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, author of Rimini, is about to publish a translation of Amyntas, from the Italian of Torquato Tasso; with an Essay on the pastoral poetry of Italy.

The following reprints of original American works will appear early in February:

1. The Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, gent. the first English edition, with alterations and additions, by the Author, in one handsome octavo volume.
2. Giovanni Sbogarro, a Venetian Tale; 2 vols. 12mo.
3. A Voyage to South America, performed by order of the Government of the United States, in the frigate Congress; by H. M. Brackenridge, esq. secretary to the mission; in two volumes, 8vo.

We are anxious to hear more from France on the subject of the Marquis d'Etourville's Travels in Africa; and of the Voyage of the Bourdelais round the world.

The proposed Series of *Novelties* for Novel readers, has commenced with a Scottish story called Glenfell, by a writer of eminence and evident skill; and by a translation of Mad. de Genlis' Petrarch and Laura, executed in a manner which is calculated to raise the character of translations from the degradation into which they were fast falling. It has in truth, in point of style, all the charms of an original work.

NEW WORKS.

Spence's Anecdotes, which were so freely used by Dr. Johnson in his lives of the Poets, and consulted by Malone and others, have at length appeared, in two several editions. One professes to give them entire, and is published by Mr. S. W. Singer; and the other consists of the arranged abstract of them prepared by Mr. Malone. They promised much, and we opened them with anxiety; but it appeared that Dr. Johnson had made so good a use of them, as to leave little of interest for those who followed him. Nevertheless, the entire collection is most curious: and either edition, but particularly that of Mr. Singer, merits a place in every library, public and private. It may not be improper to add, that Mr. Spence flourished through the age of Pope, with whom he was intimate, and that these anecdotes consist of his memoranda, written partly with a view to his publication of a life of that distinguished poet, and that they have since been locked up in the Newcastle family.

Among the literary prodigies of the age, may be accounted the appearance of a book of the anxiously-expected Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon, by Himself.

The Monastery, a romance, by the prolific author of Waverley, &c. in three volumes. We begin to suspect some new application of the powers of the steam-engine in this manufactory of Scottish novels. These form ten or twelve volumes within the year; and the previous year was not less productive.

A new novel from the pen of Miss Burney is published, entitled 'Country Neighbours, or the Secret.'

Biographia Curiosa; or Memoirs and Portraits of remarkable Characters of the Reign of George the Third. No. 1. 2s. 6d. To be continued monthly: each Number to be embellished with four portraits.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1820. 8vo. 15s.

Twenty-six of the most popular and celebrated Fairy Tales; collected and revised by Benjamin Tabart, with 27 coloured engravings.

Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose, translated into Italian by a native of Tuscany, for the use of children.

The Exile of Poland; a Novel, translated from the French by Mrs. Richardson, author of Ethelred, Gertrude, &c.

Olivia; a Tale. By a Lady of Distinction.

The Highland Castle and the Lowland Cottage. By Rosalia St. Clair. 4vols.

Messiah. In twenty-four Books. By Joseph Cottle. Part the second. 12mo.

Poems; Description of Rural Life and Scenery. By John Clarke, a Northamptonshire peasant.

The Comforter, a poem. 8vo.

Legitimacy; a Tale for the Times; a poem dedicated to the Right Hon. George Canning. By J. Brown, Author of Psyche and the Stage.

Dunrie; a Poem. By Harriet Ewing.

Thoughts and Feelings; a Collection of Poems. By Arthur Brooke.

Memoirs of a Goldfinch; a Poem, with Notes on Natural Philosophy, principally on the motion of the heavenly Bodies.

The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs and Legends of the Adherents of the House of Stuart; collected and illustrated, with the music. By James Hogg.

Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland; with Historical Illustrations. By Walter Scott, esq. Part III.

The Vocal Library; containing two thousand Songs, English, Scotch, and Irish Poets, from Shakspeare to Moore.

Poems. By Joshua Russell. Dedicated to Sir James Mackintosh.